

HOW TO PSYCHO-ANALYSE YOURSELF

*Theory and Practice of Re-moulding the
Personality by the Analytic Method*

BY
JOSEPH RALPH

WITH A FOREWORD BY

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SURGEON REAR-ADMIRAL, RETIRED; LATE NAVAL MEMBER OF THE MEDICAL
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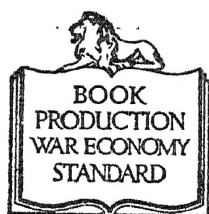
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THE PAPER (AND BINDING) OF
THIS BOOK CONFORMS TO THE
AUTHORIZED ECONOMY STANDARD

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FOREWORD

cetes, and a human fore-brain is that loosely-bonded colony of primitive feeling; the latter is a closely-knit colony of special cells. We cannot regard "mind" as other than the specific functioning of a "government," so the brain is composed of some ten thousand million grey-matter cells, the actions of which largely consist in attending to the multitudinous calls made by trillions of cell-citizens representing the body-politic, for this or that readjustment to the outside-world stimuli constantly impinging on them.

Shortly before his death, Sir Austen Chamberlain said that the majority of people may be trusted to choose and act soundly, provided *all the facts of the case are put before them*. How extremely rarely is this done! Nevertheless, it is what Mr. Ralph has endeavoured to do in this book.

CHARLES M. BEADNELL.

PREFACE

...; the analytic method is an aggressive
...ort.
...on is negative; the analytic method is the
...ite.
...ection tends to fatalism; the analytic method
...ministic. The one is passive; the other is
...ously active.
...inine is a positive neutralizing agent to the germs
...malaria; but the therapeutic importance of that
drug is relatively small in comparison with making the
habitat of the anopheles mosquito untenable. My
contention is that a similar condition exists in relation
to the principles of psycho-analysis.

I suggest that the greatest sphere of possibilities for
the analytic method is not in consulting-room practice,
but in prophylactic application.

In cases of serious nervous breakdown or mental
disturbance a stage is reached, of course, where self-
efforts cannot avail much and the personal aid of an
analyst is necessary to secure the requisite mental
adjustments. Nevertheless, the prevention of such
serious breakdown or disturbance is a much better
procedure than trying to remedy things after a collapse
has taken place; and I suggest it is in that direction,
together with an application in general mental and
moral culture, that the valuable possibilities of the
psycho-analytic method will find their greatest scope.

When people begin to appreciate that there is
at their disposal a means for remedying deeply-seated
character and temperamental defects, and begin to apply
these means by self-efforts, the curve of social character
standards will commence to move upwards rapidly.

With sincere regards to the reader,

JOSEPH RALPH.

Long Beach, California.

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The consciousness makes nothing; it is a utilizer. It takes what has been already made and is at its disposal; and whether the outcome is good or the opposite, depends altogether on the amount of good judgment that is manifested by the consciousness.

You may therefore consider that you are what you are, not by reason of what has been available to you, but because of *how you have utilized that available material.*

With the same material at his disposal, one person may get to the top of the business or social world, while another will be a tragical life's failure. One person may be mentally strong and well poised in his general mental organism, while another may be a pathetic weakling.

Disabuse yourself of the idea, however, that you can *create* anything by thinking. Nevertheless, you have more combinations of possibilities stored away in that great unconscious mind of yours than you can very well exhaust in a dozen lifetimes; and all that you need for your mental well-being is to make these resources available to the consciousness and to use them rightly.

It is not creation that you require, but *utilization*. If you will use only a small percentage of the mental material and psychical energy which has been already created for you, and which is at your disposal down there in your great unconscious, you will surprise yourself—and others as well.

Get the *creation* idea out of your conceptions, and get *utilization* into them. When you have accomplished that transformation in mental perspective you will be started on your way towards somewhere that is well worth while.

The chances are that you have been handicapping yourself all your life by bemoaning your inability to *create*. You have probably considered the product of thinking as *ability*. As a matter of fact it is merely *utility*.

CHAPTER II

WHERE THOUGHTS COME FROM

IN the year 1690 there lived in England a man named Locke, whose first name was John. John wrote a number of books; it can therefore be seen that book-writers have existed for some time.

John Locke did not write ordinary books. He evidently did not take much interest in many of the things that seem to occupy the minds of ordinary, everyday mortals, such as love and hate, adventure and religion, etc., but specialized altogether in heavy mental food.

One of the books that John wrote was called *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*.

This book is of an extremely high intellectual order; of so high an order, in fact, that there is not much of it that I have ever managed to read. Not that this experience of mine need be taken as any reflection on the intellectual value of John's great book, though; for, as I have already said, it is generally considered to be a literary heavy-weight.

There is one thing that John said, however, which made quite an impression on me, although there was not anything in the remark that was particularly novel. Nevertheless, I have found in going through this world that it is the obvious that we are often apt to overlook.

Now I am not going to quote John's exact words, but the gist of what he said in the particular utterance

which I have in mind is as follows: "Nothing can come out of the mind but what has, in some form or other, at some time or other, first entered into it." ¹

I suggest that what John said in 1690 was right; and that it was not only right in 1690, but will be equally so in 1990.

The processes of thinking are mechanical; but *the material of thoughts is individual*.

It doesn't make any difference whether a person is a highly educated and intellectually trained philosopher, or an uneducated and mentally stunted labourer; if both are asked to describe something, they utilize a similar form of mental mechanism in doing so. Of course the ideas of the former will probably be the more valuable, but the mechanical processes involved in both instances are similar.

The value of your thoughts will depend upon the nature and quantity that you can make available to the consciousness when you are confronted with some requirement. If you have a good supply of thought material at your disposal, and utilize good judgment in making your selections from that material as it comes up into your consciousness, your ideas will be accordingly good; on the other hand, if you fall short in these two respects, then your standard of thought values will be accordingly impoverished.

You have probably heard a person described as having *great native ability*, though not being an "educated" person. Have you ever tried to define such an individual? Then again you may, perhaps, have

¹ *Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu*—
"There is in our mind nothing that has not been in our senses."
—Moleschott.

heard of *educated asses*; and, unfortunately, not much difficulty is usually incurred in recognizing the type.

The person of native ability is one who may not have a great wealth of thought material stored in the unconscious, but who is, nevertheless, able to "stir up" his mental resources very energetically, and who also manifests an extremely high grade of common sense in selecting the thoughts that thus become available to him. On the other hand, the "educated ass" may be choked full of really good unconscious mental material, but his consciousness is not able to differentiate between that which is good and applicable and that which is bad or worse than useless.

Adverting to Locke once more, I remember a remark that he also made to the effect that mental ability depends upon two processes, viz., *perception and reflection*. A very wise remark, too; quite as much so as the other one which I have tried to quote.

By *perception* our friend meant that which has entered into the mind; and by *reflection* is meant a *working over* of this material after it has entered.

We indulge in this *working-over* process when we think. In that mental effort we stir up the buried memories that come up from the mental storehouse and sort them over. In a metaphorical sense we pick up this one, then that one, look them over, put this one with that one, and that one with another, and thus classify, and finally utilize or reject the respective thought elements.

By doing this we ascertain the values and relevances of our stored memories, and harness them to our intellectual requirements.

So much for Locke's principles of reflection; or, to be more exact, his definitions plus my terminology.

Now let us have a look at the *perception* point of view; it is here that we are going to get up against something big.

You have probably heard of such terms as *sub-conscious mind*, *unconscious mind*, *subliminal mind*, and various other sorts of minds. Let us simplify things in the present book by considering the two very matter-of-fact terms *conscious* and *unconscious*.

The conscious mind needs no special definition, for we will consider it in the ordinary sense in which the term is used, *i.e.*, to mean the *reasoning faculties*. By the term *unconscious*, psycho-analysts mean anything and everything that is not conscious.

Please don't think of the term "unconscious" as an adjective, however, but as a *substantive*; for the term does not mean a mental *state*, but a *division* of the mind. So when I use the term "unconscious" I do not mean an unconscious mental condition, but a mental *place*.

I know that in using these two terms in this way I do not comply with the fullness of Freudian concepts, but that does not necessarily matter. The psychology of human behaviour is now conceded to be too big a subject for any one particular mind to be capable of rightfully apprehending all of its principles.

Do you remember the time when you lay in the cradle kicking up your toes—and possibly kicking up a row at the same time? Do you remember the time when you were taking your first lesson in walking, and the floor seemed to wobble a good deal, and you tried to steady things by balancing yourself a little heavily or

one leg and then on the other, and finally finished up by making a slight dent in the linoleum with the point of your poor little nose?

Do you remember the time when you had an idea that anything and everything in this world existed simply and solely for your special purposes, and that all you had to do in order to obtain your desire at all times was to put out your hands for it; and if you did not get just what you put your hands out for, and have your wish immediately gratified, how you would yell with an extremely great lustiness, and keep up the din until you were practically exhausted?

Do you remember the time when you first went to school, and some other little boy (or some other little girl) made faces at you, or threw mud at you, or did something else similarly mean, so that you had an overpowering realization that this is a wicked, wicked world indeed; and that there is only one place within the vast confines of this vale of woe where any God's child can ever expect to exist in peace and comfort, and this place was at your mother's knee—a place where by snuggling you could shut out the bad exterior world from your vision?

Do you remember the time when you threw a stone at something or other, and missed the object in question; with the disastrous consequence that the missile crashed through the window of a poor widow's cottage, thereby almost scaring the dear old soul's life out of her body; and how you wished that the earth would open up and carry you down, down, down so far that you could never come up again; which suicidal feeling lasted about one and a quarter seconds by sun time?

Probably you do not remember any of these things;

nevertheless, the latest development in empirical psychology is to demonstrate that *no memories are lost*; that the memories of every experience which we have undergone from the cradle are stored in the great unconscious mind; *and that many of these memories can be recalled under certain conditions and by certain procedures.*

By means of the analytic method we now know that our temperamental characteristics and general mental attitudes are what they are solely by reason of the influences of this *vast deposit of buried memories.* We know, also, that our conscious conduct is largely motivated by these buried memories. We know, in fact, that we *think* as we do, and *feel* as we do, wholly by reason of the existence of these stupendous unconscious influences.

Mental elimination! There is no such possibility. You may succeed in banishing a memory from the consciousness; but that is not elimination. You may be able to send the memory of an experience down into the unconscious depths wholly beyond voluntary recall; even then you are not extinguishing it. It still lives. Furthermore it remains extremely active.

You may be able to banish ideas from the conscious mind, but you will eventually be only too sorrowfully aware of their continued existence by means of some undesirable form of conscious conduct or temperamental attitude that is motivated by such submerged influences.

It is from these illimitable, buried memories that the crude material of your conscious thoughts is derived.

Of course these memories will not come up into the

consciousness wholly intact, and in the form of their original impressions. We should have rather crude mental mechanisms if that were the case.

Every memory that becomes stored in the unconscious has some intensifying or neutralizing influence on previously stored memories of similar complexion; and every time that you have held a thought in the consciousness in relation to a memory (thinking), you have produced a certain modification of some sort or other on this stored mental material. The thoughts that come up into the consciousness as a result of a *stirring up* by means of *attention* are therefore derived from these tremendous possibilities.

The consciousness is only a very puny mental area in comparison with the vast extent of unconscious thought activities existing beneath it. Not a billionth part of the memories of past experiences is available for direct utilization; nevertheless they all influence the conscious conduct—directly or indirectly. In fact, these influences constitute the actual foundations of the personality.

The results of conscious attention in liberating memories in the unconscious mental storehouse are governed wholly by what are in reality mechanical processes; nevertheless the nature and extent of these possibilities are practically illimitable.

CHAPTER III

MENTAL EXPLORATION

I WANT to teach you how to fish.

I not only want to teach you how to fish, but to show you where the fishing is good.

I do not want you to fish for physical fish, however; nor for compliments. I want you to fish for *ideas*.

Furthermore, I am not going to teach you how to fish for ideas belonging to other people. We will let the ideas of other people alone for the time being; for we shall have enough to consider if we concern ourselves in the present experiment with those which are our own.

It is all right, I suppose, to fish for the ideas of other people under certain conditions; as a matter of fact, though, it is not usually necessary to fish for the ideas of others; for many individuals are only too anxious to give them to us freely, without money or price, in the form of "convictions" (what a beautifully abused term!) and prejudices; with which latter mental attitudes every worthy mortal, of course, strives to deny any association. (How strenuously the average wayfarer likes to plead the enviable disinterestedness of his own brand of thoughts!)

The ideas for which I want to show you how to fish are your own. That is, you are supposed to hold a form of equity interest in them; but having an equity in something or other and being in actual possession

and enjoyment of it are two altogether different considerations.

It is precious little good to hold an equity in something or other if we cannot do with that something or other just what we like, when we like, and as we like. If we cannot use a thing as we may want to, and when we may want to, we might as well not humour ourselves with the idea that we have any actual ownership in the affair.

In the sort of mental angling which I desire to explain to you we will use a form of mental bait, attached to a mental fishing-line, and fish for a mental object; nevertheless, this fishing will be an extremely practical procedure, and one which will have great possibilities for the good of the personality.

I want to teach you how to bring up into your consciousness (so that you can look them in the face), the ideas which are responsible for your temperamental traits; the good and the bad, the weak and the strong.

Down in your great unconscious mental depths there is a vast assortment of thoughts and memories; in fact, as previously intimated, the nature and tendencies of the conscious conduct are a direct reflection of those submerged mental conditions. Nevertheless, there are comparatively few people who have learned to apprehend the true complexion of their own thought reserves, or to have any intelligent concept of the unconscious foundations of their temperamental qualities.

As has been previously explained, when we think intellectually we hold the attention to a certain mental direction, and utilize that effort to stir up buried memories (ideas). When ideas bubble forth into the consciousness as a result of this attention we sort them over,

select those that we feel like utilizing, and let the rest fall back again into the recesses of the mind. If we use good judgment in this selection of ideas it will be beneficial to our general mental welfare; if we use bad we shall, more or less, come to grief.

There is another form of thinking at which it is just as well to take a passing glance, viz., that which is known as day-dreaming or phantasy thinking. This is a form of thinking in which the individual is making rather a mess of things in the struggle of life. Instead of the attention being designedly directed in some specific mental course, it is attracted by *wish thoughts*. This is an effort to enjoy, in an imaginary way, certain conditions that cannot be attained in a real manner.

Day-dreaming is a turning away from the realities of life in order to indulge in a *smoking of mental opium*. (That is an exceedingly fine mental exercise—to avoid or eschew.)

I want now to introduce to you another milder attitude; one in which the attention is being neither directed nor attracted; but where it acts as a *passive spectator* of the panorama of thoughts that come about the horizon of consciousness under certain conditions. This attitude is known technically as the *free association of ideas*.

In developing flows of free associations of ideas few thoughts are allowed to flow without any consideration or intervention at all; no matter whether such thoughts are pleasing or unpleasing, seemingly relevant or opposite.

Now I don't mean by this that, in some way or other, you take the lid off your unconscious *quarry* cauldron, and invite a flowing into the consciousness.

whatever motley procession of ideas may be inclined to pour forth; for even if you succeeded in doing this the result would not be very helpful; in fact, it might be quite the contrary.

We know that every idea that comes into the consciousness has *roots* that trail away down into the underlying mental storehouse; and we also know that if we can succeed in tracing these roots downwards from the consciousness to their beginnings in the unconscious, we shall uncover the *birth point* of that idea, *i.e.*, the buried memories from which the idea has emanated.

If we take a certain idea, therefore, and hold it in the consciousness as a *bait*, so to speak, and then allow it to be superseded by another one purely by inherent sympathetic association, and continue to withhold all conscious analysis, criticism, judgment, co-ordination, or any other form of intellectual intervention, the stream of thoughts that consequently pass across the horizon of consciousness will be a *flow of free association of ideas*.

In free associations, the idea that occupies the consciousness at any given moment liberates the next one purely by reason of some sympathetic association between them, and without being influenced by any intellectual interference.

In intellectual thinking you are challenging, analysing, judging, and otherwise "sizing up" the ideas that come up into the consciousness; using those that seem what are required, and relinquishing the rest. It is therefore a persistently applied sorting-out

developing flows of free associations of ideas it is necessary completely to side-track these intellectual

efforts, and for the consciousness to be a mere spectator of what transpires. The subject must watch the procession that passes in review before the consciousness and not interpose any intellectual interference whatever.

The sort of mental attitude aimed at is not a long one to acquire, and is in reality more of a "knowing" than anything else; and when the requisite mental condition is apprehended a little practice will enable one to comply with the requirements quite easily.

You must remember that no thought comes up into the consciousness by *chance*.

Every thought that occupies the peak of consciousness, even if for only a fleeting fraction of a moment, has either been *forced up there by underlying influences* or *attracted there by surface conditions*.

If you will therefore hold a stimulus idea in the consciousness for a moment, and then wholly refrain from interposing any intellectual influences thereto, a flow of mental associations will develop that will constitute the memory roots of the thought that has been used as "bait." And if those associations are allowed to flow wholly uninfluenced, they will bring into conscious recognition the exact memory sources to which the "bait idea" belongs.

In free associations of ideas, the stimulus idea that is held in the consciousness (the "bait") is linked up in a very definite way with some particular set of memories somewhere down there in that vast unconscious; and if we can succeed in following the associations which connect these two factors, we shall be able to apprehend, fully and vividly, just how the influence the underlying set of ideas has on a

deal's conscious conduct; for we shall have traced the line from *effect to cause*.

In another chapter I am going to demand of you a practical exemplification of the working of the free association method; hence it is very necessary that the principles that govern these requirements should be fully understood. For that matter, as you get farther along in this book you will realize more and more the importance of a full understanding in this respect. It is the keystone of the arch of the psycho-analytic method.

The free association method is the Via Regia to an understanding of the processes whereby the conscious conduct is controlled by the unconscious mind; and if this method is rightly applied the conscious personality can be practically rebuilt; and in that rebuilding there will open out a vista of mental possibilities that will be wonderful.

CHAPTER IV

TAKING A MENTAL SOUNDING

A FRIEND recently asked me to explain to him of what the principles of free associations of ideas consisted; and as the manuscript of this book had not yet gone to the printers I handed my inquirer the preceding chapter to read—the one entitled “Mental Exploration.”

If anyone desires to ascertain how he appears in the estimation of other people I suppose the only unbiased course to pursue is to apply for enlightenment from some really intimate friend; someone who happens to know him extremely well, is painfully familiar with his weaknesses and shortcomings, yet still “hangs on” to him; one who, in fact, likes him in spite of his faults.

Well, after reading the chapter in question this candid friend rather pointedly hinted that although it was quite possible that I knew what I wanted to say, he was not quite sure whether all of my readers would fully apprehend my mental strivings.

My friend asked me to give him a practical illustration in developing a flow of free associations of ideas, and I agreed to accommodate him. At the same time, however, I told my frank critic that, just for the purpose of giving good measure, I would incidentally show him that if David was not justified in saying that *all* men are liars, as far as he (my friend) was concerned, I would soon give him some very direct evidence that the dictum

of the old Psalmist rested on some very substantial foundations.

I then asked my friend whether he would try to comply with some very simple requirements if I outlined them; to which he laconically replied: "Proceed."

I then spake unto my audience of one thus:

"If there is no state of mental consciousness existing in an individual then there must be a condition of mental unconsciousness in evidence." To which illuminating declaration my friend did not consider it incumbent to indulge in any more extended rejoinder than to murmur: "Go on."

I then suggested: "If a person is not in a state of unconsciousness, then he must be experiencing a condition of consciousness." To this profoundly wise intimation my friend did not consider it necessary to respond in any manner whatever.

I then asked my friend whether it would not be reasonable to infer that a condition of mental consciousness implied an ability to be conscious of something or other? And he agreed that such an assumption seemed quite logical.

My next step in the rudiments of the psychology of consciousness consisted in asking my disciple whether he would have any great difficulty in apprehending and accepting the statement that to be in a state of consciousness, yet for the mind to be blank, would be an impossibility? To which interrogation he replied by frankly congratulating me on my ability to emphasize the obvious.

Just at this point, however, I wanted to make quite sure that there would be no doubt as to my friend's agreement with my statements, so that he could have

no just grounds for grievance a little later on in the event of certain possible occurrences. I therefore asked him if he would have any mental reservations to the significance of the following statement: "*A normal condition of wakefulness implies a passing across the horizon of consciousness of a persistent and unbroken stream of thoughts*"; and he admitted that he could not consistently file any demurrer to my statement of fact in that particular. He intimated, however, that he would like to stipulate that the persistent and unbroken stream of thoughts which, in reality, constitute consciousness, would not necessarily imply any definite standard of intelligent order or value; to which suggestion I readily agreed. In fact, I told my friend that the reservation which he had intimated actually reflected a psychological truism. gh.

In legal considerations I am given to understand that the essence of a contract consists in an agreement between two or more minds. That no matter how far apart any such two or more minds may eventually drift in their tendencies, they must, in order to make a contract possible, come together in an agreement, at least temporarily. And so, in relation to my friend and myself, concerning a working concept of what constitutes a pre-requisite of consciousness, I believe we arrived at a state of mutual agreement.

For the guidance of the untechnical reader, therefore, I will amplify the foregoing by making the following statement: *During a state of consciousness, irrespective of relevancy or irrelevancy, seeming order or disorder, value, character, or sequence, some form of idea, of some nature or other, must always exist and be apprehendable in that consciousness; that it is this very existence of*

no just ground (not conditions) with a person whose temperament of certainties are antithetical to my own.

him if he would I must cease extending a free description of for there bubbled up into my consciousness condition of *w*roughts and realizations pertaining to horizon of consciences of an extremely personal nature, stream of thought which would serve no very practical consistently file present instance, even if no reasons of in that particular to restrain me.

would like to start to attempt to explain the principles broken stream of thoughts to jump around in the way consciousness, with lightning rapidity from memories standard of intelligence in the Royal Gorge to a scene of action I readily with a person on the northern slope of the reservation why. Sufficient to say that all flows of a psychological truth with everyone, follow similar *seemingly*

In legal consideration And when the reader lets his own that the essence flow in a little mental experiment he between two or more will follow similar influences as was apart any such personal illustration which I have given. in their tendencies that the thoughts (memories in fact) tract possible, come and thither, flow first this way and temporarily. And, and without any apparent government, concerning a truth, as a matter of fact, such flows a pre-requisite of ruled by laws that are as undeviating a state of mutual action.

For the guidance of the point where my associations I will amplify the at innermost trends of my ego (so statement: *During* need to cease giving utterance to of relevancy or irrelevance indulged in a chuckle. He further-value, character, or *se*her sceptical attitude when I told nature or other, must wing mental associations eventually in that consciousness; y core of the unconscious thought

tendencies that constitute the exact foundations of the personality.

However, telling my friend that it was now his turn to contribute to the psychological experiment, I used the first idea that occurred to me and requested him to permit his thoughts to flow unrestrainedly from that idea, and to utter them aloud so that I could hear them.

Standing on a shelving ridge of the wainscoting of the dining-room where we were seated was a hand-painted dinner plate, and as one suggestion was as good as any other for the purpose of my experiment I uttered the word "plate," and then sat back to watch developments.

For a few moments my friend's associations flowed uninterruptedly, and there was no restraint in regard to his giving utterance to them; but there soon ensued a slight hesitancy. After a moment or so, however, the thoughts started to flow freely again, and with my "patient" giving utterance to them quite unrestrainedly.

It was not long, however, before another slight hitch occurred in the freeness of the associations, so that an experience of hesitancy once more developed momentarily; but this break soon became repaired and he gave utterance to a further spurt of associations.

Choosing a period of hesitancy which I considered a good one for my purpose (and acting immediately the hesitancy occurred), I asked my friend to explain the reason for the periodical breaks. He replied: "Nothing seemed to come into my mind for a moment; my mind seemed to be a blank for a time."

I then suggested to my subject that there was more than a modicum of truth, after all, in what David said about the standard of veracity manifested by mortal

kind. I furthermore intimated that there was even a particular significance in that old gentleman's dictum where certain subjects for analytical experiments are concerned.

My friend then asked me whether I was suggesting in a forcedly humorous way that he was lying when he stated that the reason why there were breaks here and there in his utterances was because of "blank spots" in his consciousness. And I frankly told him (because he was my friend) that the evidence was certainly in favour of such an assumption.

I asked him whether there was not some slight inconsistency between the excuse he now made for the breaks in his flow of free associations, and the agreement he had previously extended to me to the effect that mental consciousness presupposed the existence of some form of ideas in that consciousness, and he acknowledged that there was an apparent variance existing in the two instances which I cited.

I then suggested to my "victim" that if he would go off to a quiet spot, close his eyes, bring the body to a state of general rest, and then take some idea as a stimulus (of any sort whatever—no matter whether name of place, person, an object, or some abstract idea), and then *mentally* speak the thoughts that developed, that his flow of mentally ejaculated ideas would be as continuous and persistent as a stream of running water; that there would not be one moment of so-called mental blankness.

My subject told me that he thought that he could control his mind sufficiently well enough to follow the plan I suggested without having to go off into the country; so, closing his eyes, he leaned back in his

chair and embarked on the new experiment. After indulging in this effort for a few minutes he confessed that my intimation was quite correct, and that in his little "private" experiment there was no break in the flow of mental associations. Then, as an afterthought, he made the important confession (like unto a significant postscript to a woman's letter), that his free associations eventually brought him face to face with thoughts and tendencies that constituted the actual motivating factors of his general temperamental qualities.

A clear apprehension of the conditions involved in developing free associations of ideas is absolutely necessary if the reader hopes to apply the analytic method in remedying mental and temperamental defects; and although this ability is, as previously intimated, only a "knack," it is nevertheless very necessary that these principles are clearly understood.

Bear in mind the following governing factors in this connection: During every moment of the waking state, a stream of thoughts is continually passing across the horizon of consciousness; and when this stream of thoughts (which actually constitutes consciousness) is not being designedly directed, it will flow solely in accordance with sympathetic associations.

If there is any break in the freeness of the flowing mental associations, the reason is that there is a more or less pronounced emotional storm existing in the unconscious mental mechanism.

In such instances the evidence is conclusive that, in the upward flowing stream of thoughts from the unconscious, some elements have made an appearance that contain features more or less painful or undesirable to the consciousness; with the result that (either

deliberately or involuntarily), the consciousness interposes a defence against their appearance in the conscious thought-streams; hence a more or less protracted mental storm becomes developed. It is this storm that is responsible for the seeming breaks in the flowing associations.

Let it be understood that these emotional storms will eventually be found to constitute a prevailing feature in the free association experiences; and for the simple reason that it is the exact object of the analytic method to uncover and disintegrate, not the pleasing nor the innocuous elements existing in our unconscious mental lives, but *those that are unpleasing and actively harmful*.

Interruptions in the steadiness of the flow of mental associations are always indications of the coming into aggressive activity of painful thoughts and undesirable mental characteristics.

CHAPTER V

A MENTAL EXPERIMENT

I WANT you to write a little *original* story of about *fifty words*.

You will note the three words that I have italicized. I italicized the word "original" so that you will apprehend the full significance of the requirement; and I similarly treated the last two words so that you will not be justifiably frightened at the task suggested.

Anyone who can speak an idea can write it; and in travelling through life I have found that few people have been afflicted with any aversion for talking. In fact an opposite state of affairs seems to be the general rule.

Then, again, most people will know what is meant by the word "original"; nevertheless, I have good reasons for drawing special attention to that particular thought-symbol.

After all has been said and done, however, you may not find it altogether easy to write something original; for what I mean by that specification is to evolve some little story out of your own mind, and without *consciously* borrowing a single idea from anything you can remember to have ever heard or read.

I want you to try your best to *create* a story.

It will not make any difference what your topic may be. You may treat of love or hate, fishermen or fairies, art or industrialism, of ethical aspirations or materialistic

expediencies; it will not affect the outcome of the experiment in the least. You may write of the here and the now, or take a jump back into the Middle Ages if you care to. Or you may retrace the intellectual footsteps beyond the Garden of Eden period in the evolutionary history of mankind if you are able to make any such mental effort.

Literary merit need not be considered. Your sentences can be so jumpy that each and every one of them may look as if it were afraid of each and every other one: have a sort of mutual distrust of one another, so to speak.

You may write of some impossible being, doing some impossible act, under some impossible conditions; or you may write a little idyll that should make the veriest "rough neck" a better soul for having read it.

There is only one condition in this mental experiment, and that is the one which I have indicated in the opening paragraph of this chapter, viz., *originality*.

Try to *create* something.

When you have finished this effort I want you to be able to sit back and mentally murmur: "There is a little story that would never have existed if I hadn't created it."

If you cannot write sense, write nonsense; for that matter a nonsensical, or even positively absurd or grotesque grouping of ideas, will be quite as useful for the purpose in view as any intellectually polished effort.

I have tried to give you every latitude in writing this little fifty-word story; and I would make the conditions even easier if I only knew how to do so.

When you have written this "original" story I will show you how you may quickly realize that you have

not created anything. You will, yourself, be able to see that some unseen influence guided your fingers when you pencilled your ideas on paper, and will apprehend that a hidden force seemed to have moved between your mind and its conscious expressions. You will have a realization, in fact, that your conscious reasoning mind was operated upon by some other influence in the mental experiment in which you have indulged; this power is *your great unconscious mind*.

I want you to take your "original" story and split it up into its elemental parts. For example, if you have written of some imaginary being sailing some moonlit sea, playing a strange instrument and singing some weird song; while out of the mists a phantom audience listens, and a strange yet beautiful musical accompaniment seems to vibrate through the air; or if you have some other seeming jumble of ideas, write down the various elements. Make a sort of inventory of them, somewhat as follows.

Strange being—sailing—craft (inferred)—moonlit sea—strange musical instrument—song—singing—phantoms—audience—beautiful music—vibrations, etc.

Now take these elements of your "original" story and use them, each and individually, as stimulus thoughts for developing free associations of ideas.

When you have done this you will find that you have *not created anything*. You will find that every idea in your "original" story has been evolved from some particular set of memories in your great unconscious mind, memories which your flows of free associations have revealed to you.

You will find that every contributing feature in that little literary "creation" of yours is based upon

unconscious factors, and that when you wrote your story you were consequently controlled by unconscious influences. You will find that *your conscious mind created nothing*.

Take each element of your story in turn, hold it for a second in the consciousness, and then *let go*. Side-track your intellectual volitions wholly, and let the stimulus idea (the mental bait) liberate some other idea simply and solely by reason of the existence of some inherent sympathetic association between them. In an intellectual sense, *sit back* and simply watch the procession of ideas that passes across the horizon of consciousness. To resort to a colloquialism, don't *butt in* at all. As far as your reasoning, volitional consciousness is concerned, *keep out of it*. Let the unconscious mechanism work for once without any intellectual interference.

When you comply with these conditions you will not be very long in ascertaining from whence the "original" ideas in your story were derived. In fact, if you were inclined to criticize the validity of what John Locke said in 1690 concerning the genesis of thoughts, you would realize that the gentleman in question was a long, long way from going wrong in those few remarks which he made in that noted essay of his to which I have referred.

If you feel like doing so you may write down jumbles of ideas in which fairies may be acting as street sweepers, stenographers serving as policemen, taxicabs being pulled by dog-teams across a Nevada desert, or any other absurdity. If you apply the free association method to any such mental vagaries, you will uncover the unconscious sources from which they sprouted. In

fact, if you care to do so, you can trace *any* conscious idea to its source in the unconscious by similar means.

I am hoping that, by this time, your mind will be prepared to absorb the following great psychological truth :

Every form of conscious conduct is motivated by definite and ascertainable unconscious processes.

It will be to your best interest to apprehend fully the great significance of that brief statement, for there is not a word in it that is open to qualification.

We think as we do, we feel as we do, and we act as we do, simply and solely by reason of definite and ascertainable influences that exist in our unconscious minds.

Our temperamental qualities are unconscious thoughts transposed into feeling tones; our conscious conduct reflects unconscious thoughts transformed into action; and if we expect to live as self-governing individuals, it is necessary that we apprehend the potentials of that vast and powerful unconscious mind of ours, and become conversant with the principles whereby those potentials can be harnessed for the general good of the personality, and not be permitted to influence the general behaviour in a blind, unreasoning, mechanical manner.

CHAPTER VI

DIGGING UP THOUGHT ROOTS

WHEN you have traced the roots of some stimulus idea to their sources in the unconscious *you will know it*. It will not be necessary for you to hunt up any psychologist for opinions on the matter.

In the preceding chapter I asked you to write an original story, and told you what to do with it, so that you could see for yourself whence the ideas for that story were derived.

In an effort to make things clear to you I gave an illustration and used the following sentence :

“ If you have written of some imaginary being sailing some moonlit sea, playing a strange instrument and singing some weird song ; while out of the mists a phantom audience listens, and a strange yet beautiful musical accompaniment seems to vibrate through the air ; write down,” etc.

I then went on to show you how to split up your “ original ” story into its elemental parts, and to explain what would happen when you traced the ideas represented by these elemental parts down to their unconscious sources.

When I came to that point where I wanted to produce a specimen “ original ” story, I tried hard to make my ideas as erratic, jumpy, and meaningless as possible. I wanted to give a sample “ original ” story

in which the ideas would be so disjointed as to appear positively stupid.

I now want to show you whence those ideas sprouted in that little "original" work of yours, and I think that the best way in which I can make this clear will be to show you, as an illustration, whence in that seemingly foolish jumble came my own ideas that were *jerked out* of my mind without any conscious deliberation on my part.

Here is the way in which I spread out the elements of my own "original" story for analytic dissection :

*Some strange being—sailing some moonlit sea—
playing a strange instrument—singing some weird song
—a phantom audience—some strange yet beautiful
musical accompaniment—vibrating through the air.*

As soon as I threw my tendencies of critical consciousness "out of gear," and thereby allowed the unconscious mental mechanism to run freely, I travelled fast in my thought associations.

I mentally found myself on the Mediterranean. Time, about five in the morning. There was a morning haze on the water. The Bibby liner *Herefordshire* was drawing near to Stromboli, the famous Lipari volcano. Then, flash, came the idea of *Kubla Khan*, the mysterious character in Coleridge's famous poetic fragment of that name. Then, immediately, the source of the ideas that "jumped out" of my mind in my little illustrative "original" story became revealed to my consciousness.

Turn to that celebrated poem of Coleridge, and when you have refreshed your memory it will not be necessary for me to point out the roots from which my ideas sprouted in that "original" story.

Let me say that when I finished writing the preceding chapter it was about noon of yesterday. In the afternoon I had some work to do which did not relate to the preparation of this manuscript, and which kept me busily engaged until about six o'clock. After leaving my "den" I had some spare time before sitting down to the evening meal, and I thought it a good opportunity to do a little *mental angling* by means of free associations for the purpose of ascertaining whence those strange "original" ideas of *mine* came in the morning when I wrote my illustrative story *spontaneously, and without one single moment of reflection.*

I will say at this point that I have never learned six verses of poetry in my life. I will also say that the reason why I have never done so is because *I am not able to do so.* I have an exceedingly bad rote memory.

I may remember the *idea* lying behind six, sixty, or perhaps sixty hundred verses, but as soon as a sentence has been consciously apprehended it seems, in my case, to break into a form of *mental dust*, and to sink down into my unconscious, beyond recall—as far as original construction is concerned.

To be quite frank, about the only "poetry" that I have ever been able to memorize is the multiplication table, and "Thirty days hath September," etc.

I want also to say that I do not care very much for poetry. My mind seems to run in a sort of analytic groove. I am always "nosing about" in an effort to find out something and to see of what things are made.

I further want to say that I don't think that I have ever read through Coleridge's *Kubla Khan* completely more than once in my life, and that occasion must have been over twenty-five years ago.

With these few explanations before you, let us now compare the elements of my "original" ideas with *actual lines* of Coleridge's famous poem :

MY "ORIGINAL" IDEAS	COLERIDGE'S IDEAS
Some strange being	Kubla Khan
Sailing some moonlit sea	Down to a sunless sea
Playing a strange instrument	On her dulcimer she played
Singing some strange, weird song	Singing of Mount Abora
A phantom audience listened	Ancestral voices prophesying
A strange yet beautiful musical accompaniment	Could I revive within me Her symphony and song
Vibrating through the air.	With music loud and long, I would build that dome in air.

In the opening paragraph of this chapter I said that when you have traced your stimulus ideas to their unconscious sources *you will know it*; that it will not be necessary to ask for any opinions on the matter.

I suggest that, with the foregoing parallel comparison, it will not require much mental straining to ascertain whence *my* thoughts sprouted in that little jumble of "original" ideas which were "jerked out" of my mind *without any conscious deliberation*.

It will be noted that my unconscious mind turned Coleridge's *sunless sea* into a *moonlit sea*; and that the *dulcimer* his Abyssinian maid played would certainly be to me a *strange instrument*; while *singing of Mount Abora* would also be *singing some strange weird song* as far as I, personally, am concerned.

Transposing *ancestral voices prophesying*, into a *phantom audience listening*, is a particularly striking mental association by what is known as *inversion*.

In transposing *symphony and song* into *strange yet beautiful musical accompaniment*, that "unconscious"

of mine most decidedly did not improve on Coleridge's production; and in changing *with music loud and long, I would build that dome in air*, into *vibrating through the air*, I freely confess that I succeeded to a remarkable extent in reducing Coleridge's verbal symphony into a most disgusting verbal discord. But that does not necessarily matter in the present instance; at this time we are not considering ideas *per se*, but the place from which they come.

Upon analysis of my "original" illustration I have also run up against something that is even more significant to me than anything which I have here set forth. I have found that there were very important reasons why the Stromboli memory jumped up into my consciousness when I permitted my free associations to flow; and I have also found that every idea that I gave in my illustration has significant interest for me. I am not going to analyse myself for public edification in this book, however, but will endeavour to show you how you can analyse your own ideas; and when you reach that stage of proficiency where you can interpret the unconscious meaning of your own "original" thoughts you will also find them so peculiarly personal that you will not feel disposed to advertise them to the world.

I am not going to take up analysis at this point, however; but I knew that after you read the chapter entitled "A Mental Experiment," you would be somewhat mystified as to what the sources of your ideas would look like when you managed to uncover them; and in this chapter I have endeavoured to explain that point by means of an illustration from an immediate personal experience.

When your free associations have brought you to the place in your memories where the ideas in your "original" story sprouted, you will know when you have "arrived." You need have no worry about that feature of the experiment; the solution will be obvious.

There is just one more point to which I wish to draw your attention before we move along, i.e., *there are no limits to analytic possibilities*. The depths of the great unconscious mind are practically *unplumbable*. In showing the relationship of the ideas in my illustration with Coleridge's lines it must not be inferred that *the ends of the roots have been traced*. No. The roots of those ideas go down into the core of my personality; and that is where the roots of the ideas in your own "original" story also go—if you succeed in following them.

Chance? There is about as much *chance* in the complexion of the ideas that come up into the consciousness as there is in the ebb and flow of the tides, the movements of glaciers, or the coursing of rivers to the oceans.

Every idea that comes up into the consciousness is motivated by definite, unconscious processes; and the analytic method is an infallible procedure for ascertaining those influences.

CHAPTER VII

PUTTING A DREAM INTO COLD STORAGE

I WANT you to dream a dream.

In another chapter I will explain a method whereby you can dream to order; but in the present instance I want you to dream a plain, ordinary dream, and to dream it in the plain, ordinary way. If this dream is seemingly funny and senseless, so much the better (though these will be features that are beyond your control).

Perhaps, just because you are required to have this dream for subsequent experimental purposes, you will not be able to have it just when it is wanted; sooner or later, however, you will probably dream—just as you have done so many times before in your life.

When this dream occurs I want you to sit up in bed at once and write it down in all its details. Don't put off the task for a moment; if you do, there is great danger of your putting it off for ever, for in a moment or so you will probably be so comfortably snoozing again that, when you eventually arise, you may not even recollect that you had a dream.

Until you have this dream make it a practice to have paper and pencil at the head of your bed; also have lighting facilities handy. In the language of the Boy Scouts, "Be Prepared."

After you have put one good dream into "cold storage," and you have been able to analyse it at

leisure, it will not be necessary for me to keep on referring to the pencil-and-paper requirements. You will very likely feel sufficiently interested in the objects in view to make any further mental jogging on my part unnecessary.

Before leaving this phase of the subject, however, there may be no harm in saying once more: when you do dream that dream sit up in bed at once. Don't even wait for your eyes to get thoroughly open. Yes, you will be rather sleepy; in fact you will more than likely experience extremely strong mental resistances against making the necessary efforts to anchor the dream to the consciousness. There will be a tendency to formulate an excuse for not doing so, at least in relation to this particular dream; but you must persevere.

When you have dreamed the dream, turn on the light and go hot-foot after it; write down every detail immediately; and *write fast*. If you don't move along quickly you are going to lose a lot of the dream's details and I want you to retain as many of them as possible.

When you have written down all the details that you can recall, go over the dream in your mind and *visualize the various elements. Live the dream over again as vividly as possible.*

When you are re-creating your dream in this waking state, and are bringing your attention to bear upon all the dream elements, you are anchoring them to your consciousness.

You may have had many thousands of experiences when you have awakened in the morning after having had a vivid dream, but these have slipped off again into

the unconscious depths. We don't want more slipping off than we can help in the case of this particular dream.

When you are writing down your dream, and are recreating it in your waking consciousness, *don't analyse or criticize anything*. We shall eventually want to analyse dreams very persistently and with much detail, but not at present.

I don't want you to think that this, that, or some other part of the dream is foolish or sensible, meaningless or the opposite. Don't try to read any meanings into anything. Simply devote your energies, for the time being, to tying that dream fast to your conscious mind, so that some hours afterwards you will remember the dream elements as vividly as you can remember some scene that happened in yesterday's waking experiences.

If this dream has occurred considerably before the usual time for getting up, you may go to sleep again—if you can. If you can't, well, it won't matter much for once anyway.

When you awaken at the usual rising time (you see that I have given you another nap), sit up in bed and grasp hold of that dream narrative immediately, and go over it again in detail. Try to visualize it as vividly as possible. In the dream there will be some vague parts which you will be unable to describe very clearly; but try to do so as well as you can, no matter how indefinite your description may transpire to be. If you have described a vague element with one set of words which are unsatisfactory, and you think that you could do better with another set, then do so; but preserve all such records.

We will now infer that you have anchored this dream to the consciousness fairly well; you can now get up and go on with your daily routine, for you have put your dream into a sort of mental cold storage for future analysis, and it will be available for that purpose when you are ready for it.

CHAPTER VIII

A MESSAGE FROM THE UNCONSCIOUS

THAT dream of yours is a message to your consciousness from your great unconscious mind; and if you can manage to decode it you will be the better for having done so.

There is some *wish, fear, or undesirable inclination hidden behind the camouflage of those dramatized ideas*; this wish, fear, or undesirable inclination will become revealed to your conscious understanding if you can manage to trace the line of connections that exists between the various elements in that dream and their sources in the unconscious.

Just what will happen to you if you succeed in tracing your dream elements down to their unconscious sources, what you will find there, how you will recognize certain things, and how you will be able to take advantage of that which you discover, is rather hard to explain. I have decided, therefore, to give an actual dream of my own, to describe how I decoded it, and how I found the hidden meaning of the dream.

Meantime I would like to intimate that, after you have managed to analyse some of your own dreams, and have traced their roots to their latent sources in the unconscious, you will not feel disposed to write many dream biographies for the edification of all and sundry. No, indeed! You will realize that the

deciphering of a dream hieroglyphic is an extremely personal matter.

In the present instance, however, I am going to make a little sacrifice of personal feelings, for I think such an illustration will explain certain things far better than would any mere effort of verbal description.

Here is my dream :

I am in California. I want to have a prescription made up. I go to a certain familiar chemist and am told that in order to have my requirements supplied I shall have to go to Miles City, Montana. I am much perturbed, for Miles City is a long distance away, and would entail a very tedious and expensive journey. Suddenly I decide to send a telegram ; and I feel at once considerably relieved.

In order to analyse this dream I split it up into its elemental parts, and used those elements as stimulus ideas for developing flows of free associations.

The element *prescription* brought up into my consciousness the idea of *ammoniated tincture of quinine*, then the name of *Sir William Broadbent* (whom I remembered as having been quoted as an authority for saying that ammoniated tincture of quinine was very beneficial during the first epidemic of influenza in England many years ago). Then thoughts concerning *a certain house* (in relation to which I have some rather painful memories). Then of *a certain university scene* (in which some other person figured as a central actor, and my own position was that of an envying onlooker). Then recollections of *a mine*, followed by resurrected memories of *a certain scene on the Northern Pacific Railway*. Then a burst of remembrances of experiences

which occurred to me at *Miles City, Montana*, and which transpired twenty-seven years previously. When the Miles City memories burst up into my consciousness, all the camouflage of my dream symbolism became instantly wafted away. *I had my unconscious message decoded.*

In 1883 I worked for an old Cornish farmer for the magnificent stipend of sixteen cents a day. In English money this sum would be expressed as eightpence, or, to be colloquially exact—*eightpunce*.

My job during the winter of 1883 was "trimming turnips." The technique of this profession consisted of going out into the field about seven o'clock in the morning, when the frost was nice and thick, pulling the aforesaid turnips out of the ground by their well frosted tops with one bare hand, while with the other I manipulated a "hook" for the purpose of cutting away the earthy roots.

Yes, it was *some* job. Somehow or other, though, I never took very kindly to it.

Time flew and scenes changed; and nine years afterwards I found myself in Butte, Montana, working as a miner. Then came the 1893 panic, with a consequent closing down of the mines. Hearing that some "first-class salesmen" were wanted, with applications to be made at one of the business buildings in Butte, I applied, and in about eighteen minutes I went to work.

My "job" consisted of selling *The Century Dictionary*, of the very existence of which I was ignorant until the day before I started out to sell it; and the way I went after all and sundry to invest eighty-nine dollars in that great lexicon certainly betrayed the possession

A MESSAGE FROM THE UNCONSCIC

of some considerable physical energy—to say of mental presumption.

After about a month “on the road” I found _____ at Miles City, Montana; and well do I remember spending about three hours one evening trying to sell an eighty-nine-dollar set of *The Century Dictionary* to a poor little school-marm whose monthly salary was probably not more than about fifty dollars.

It must be remembered that I had some of the selling points of this great dictionary fairly pat by this time; so much so, in fact, that even to this day I can hear myself jabbering about the etymology of the word *the*, and can re-create a mental picture of myself as I showed prospective purchasers how the roots of this commonly used word stretch back to the Sanscrit, etc. And with what sonorous enjoyment I would give an illustration of “the correct French accent” to such places as *Champs-Élysées*, etc. Yes, I was *some* salesman. In fact, I had not been selling *The Century* for a very long period before I commenced sending suggestions of new definitions of certain terms and expressions to the Company to be incorporated in some succeeding new edition. (That old Cornish farmer did not by any means manage to kill all the sources of an extremely fertile fount of nerve!)

When I thought that I had talked enough to my school-marm “prospect” I handed her my fountain-pen with an intimation as to the exact line on which she was to sign her name. The lady took the pen all right, but just before signing the order form she casually remarked: “Mr. Ralph, if you were I, and you were earning only fifty dollars a month, would you buy this?”

Now I am going to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth; and my reply to that little woman was: "Hell, no!"

I shall never forget the whimsical smile that that schoolteacher had on her face as she gave me back my fountain-pen, together with the unsigned order form. And then I went out into the night.

Two days later, when I was canvassing another lady "prospect," she told me that she had heard of me, *and of how she envied me my knowledge of the English language*. There were a few other remarks, also, along similar lines.

Now, just which side of me became swollen the most upon hearing these nice things I do not know. Maybe I became filled out fairly evenly all the way round. Such was probably the case. But before any harsh or satirical comments on my bumptiousness are indulged in by the reader, I will ask that it be remembered that I was not only human, but also a comparatively young specimen of the breed.

Let us now change the scene a bit; a little jump of twenty-six years, to be exact; twenty-six years of going along a rather wearying trail, but one which (glory be) became a little brighter as I went along.

Now, unless a child goes from its mother's breast to a suitable sphere of instruction, many little educational kinks are apt to remain fixed in the mature personality; and as that turnip-trimming régime in Cornwall precluded Eton or Harrow from my educational attainments, it is not to be wondered at that, down at the bottom of my heart (actively on the rampage in my unconscious, as a matter of fact), a certain trend of thoughts kept prodding my conscious

attitude to the effect that I was handicapped in my educational armament for competing in the stressful struggles of life.

Please don't grasp the idea that I went through life with an active grievance against anyone for this shortcoming of mine, or with any *conscious* sense of inferiority. Lord, no! On the contrary, I am afraid that I succeeded in making up in sublime impudence for any intellectual shortcoming with which I might have been afflicted. For that matter, it seems to be a specially kind provision of Nature for her to blind her children to their particular shortcomings.

In relation to one's own conscious thoughts, however, no matter whether they relate to shortcomings, opinions, or concepts, the reader will apprehend when he has got a little farther along in this book that they are of least significance to the personality.

And now for the unconscious message in that dream of mine. On the day before the night in which it occurred, a gentleman called on me in connection with a business proposal, bringing with him a letter of introduction. He was courteous in manner, pleasing in personality, and business-like in attitude; but I sat back in my chair rather unimpressed—as far as the proposals of my caller were concerned, but very much impressed in another direction. My interviewer had only to speak a few words before I recognized that he was a cultured Englishman; a university man.

Here we were, then, the two of us. Ages about the same; and probably not much difference existing between our respective financial standings. Still, during the time in which I was trimming turnips for the old Cornish farmer for "eightpunce" a day my friend

was probably at Eton or Harrow; and when I was inhaling bad air and powder smoke in a Butte copper mine, he was probably "up" at Oxford.

It is very necessary, however, that no erroneous conclusions are formed at this point, and that the psychology of the situation in question is properly apprehended. As a matter of fact, I have no idea as to what my conscious thoughts were at the particular interview in question. Probably, I didn't have any that were sufficiently distinct to lend themselves to either expression or definition. Nevertheless, it is quite obvious (by reason of the dream experience that was stimulated by the incident) that some very strong unconscious emotions were stirred into activity; and *some form of aroused emotional trend is the motivating influence in every dream.*

As previously stated, dream solutions are not things about which one cares to shout as a rule; but I have to go on with this personal experience in order to make the lesson clear.

If the true thoughts of that great unconscious mind of mine could have been read at the time of the interview with the gentleman to whom I have referred, they would very likely be somewhat to the following effect:

"Yes, you have gone through Oxford all right; and you certainly have both ability and polish. But have you got very much farther along in the world than I have, after all? Even if your education did cost your father a couple of thousand pounds or so, at the least, have your benefits in life been proportionately high? On the contrary, I am not sure but that, in some things at least, I have greater accomplishments than you have; and if I have been able to do all this while climbing up

out of a hole, so to speak, I am not sure but that my education is better than yours, after all," etc., etc.

As previously stated, goodness knows what my thoughts were, either consciously or unconsciously; but without any doubt my unconscious thoughts were hostile to my visitor, and perhaps to the world in general. They were also egotistical.

Now then: why did my dream drama shed its camouflage as soon as the idea relating to Miles City, Montana, became linked up with this experience of the preceding day? In another chapter I will explain how and why the unconscious speaks in *drama talk*. Sufficient here to say that my anxiety to get my prescription made up was my *repressed hostile thought concerning my educational shortcomings*. I was a long, long way from any place (opportunity) where I could have my (educational) "prescription" made up (gratified), and I was accordingly distressed (cognizant of my shortcomings). I wanted that (mental) prescription made up (educational desires gratified), but the local facilities (usual avenues of education) were not available to me.

That "prescription" represented my educational longings.

I felt relieved when I realized that I could send a telegram to Miles City, Montana. That meant that I did not have to make a long and expensive journey to get my wishes (educational longings) gratified. It was not necessary (according to my dream gratification) for me to study for years at Harrow or Eton, and then to "go up" to Oxford or Cambridge in order to obtain my degree. Oh, no! My diploma could be obtained in a much *easier* manner; in a much *cheaper* and *quicker*

way. I could get *my* educational imprimatur simply by sending a telegram (a short cut, or method of expeditious attainment). In my dream I got my *wish*, which is the guiding influence in all dreams, with everyone. In my dream I was possessed of something that conditions had denied me in real life. It was not necessary for me to rest the standard of *my* educational rating on any college degree; for anyone could ascertain *my* accomplishments in that respect by simply referring to Miles City. Had not some conditions developed at that particular place that presupposed an enviable educational status in the case of myself? (Where I had been satisfied with myself, for a time at least; where I had been actually "puffed up," in fact.)

I think that by this time you will begin to discern that when a dream is decoded the *dreamer knows it*. And when I had got thus far in my analysis it was not necessary for anyone to have recourse to a mental club in order to beat the import of my nocturnal experience into my conscious understanding.

That dream revealed to me the fact that ever since childhood there had been slumbering in my unconscious mind a bitter hostility against anyone and everyone who might have enjoyed better educational facilities than I had; *and I did not know it, except to a comparatively minor extent*. Probably many thousands of times I had *flown off*, or had *blown up*, when those submerged hostile thoughts had been set into violent activity by some environmental influence; but the true reason why I either *flew off* or *blew up* had been concealed from my conscious understanding.

That dream exposed the exact state of unconscious affairs in this connection; and when I succeeded in

decoding that message *I took a big leap forward in at least one aspect of my psychical development.* In relation to a weakness to which I had hitherto been unconsciously anchored, *I grew up.*

Instead of being troubled with that old *inferiority complex* in regard to education, you can see that I am now able to sit down at my typewriter and even turn out before you my innermost thoughts relating to those conditions—*so that you may learn a lesson.*

Life is short; there is a lot to do, and weaknesses are many; but, as far as that educational complex of mine is concerned, *it is gone for ever.* When I decoded that dream three years ago I succeeded in dragging that old brute out from its lair in my unconscious, clear up into the sunlight and glare of my conscious apprehension—and thereby *I killed it.*

Try to learn from this experience of mine the lesson that I have endeavoured to explain, and if you succeed you will be able to follow me when I try, in another chapter, to help you to aid yourself in apprehending and adjusting your own psychical shortcomings.

CHAPTER IX

DECODING MESSAGES FROM THE UNCONSCIOUS

NOW let us turn to that dream of yours. Some time before you go to bed on the day following the night of the dream, try to arrange things so that you can have a little quiet time in some restful spot all alone.

Your first work in this analytic effort is to split up your dream into its elemental parts, just as you did with that little "original" story of yours. You will understand that when I use the term "element" in this connection I mean a certain section or fragment of the dream. An element, of course, is something that is both simple and complete in itself; and if we have a dozen or more ideas all tangled up in one "element" of a dream that we are analysing we won't, in reality, be considering an element at all, but something that is, itself, complex. However, we are not considering the term in a strictly scientific sense, but are using it for the purpose of conveying an idea.

In the way that we are considering things, therefore, a dream element is a part or section which we can treat by itself, and which we can use as a stimulus point for developing flows of free associations of ideas.

When you have made an inventory of the ideas contained in your dream, snuggle down rather comfortably in your chair, direct your attention to some

particular element, and permit a flow of free associations of ideas to develop therefrom. Hold a particular dream fragment in the consciousness for a moment, and then mentally *let go*. Let the mind run freely. "Take out the clutch," so to speak, and, in an intellectual sense, just sit back and watch things.

If your first results are somewhat unsatisfactory, and you don't know whether you have done what you should have, or whether you have complied with the requisite mental attitude, bring the attention back again to the stimulus idea and start off afresh. If the first selected stimulus idea happens to lead to associations which have an obvious significance (such as the prescription element in my dream had for me), let the mind browse around them until the full wealth of their meaning is understood. On the other hand, if nothing recognizable develops from the first selected stimulus element, move on to the next, then to the next, and so on until you have treated all of them.

It does not matter in what sequence you take the respective dream elements for analysis. You may commence with the first one that you feel like trying; only *go through them all*.

You will understand that, when you select an element as a stimulus idea, you just mentally look at it momentarily, *but must not think about it*. To think means a utilization of intellectual judgment, and this must be avoided. In the present mental operation, mechanical, spontaneous, and unconscious processes are required to work unhampered; and for the time being the reasoning, analytic consciousness should be held in abeyance.

Sometimes you will have the experience of having

the real unconscious meaning of a part of your dream flash up almost instantly, and with a significance that is too obvious to misunderstand. I am going to assume, however, that you will have many difficulties in decoding those unconscious hieroglyphics of yours, so I will consequently take up the various aspects of further possible necessary procedures.

Let us conclude, therefore, that you have gone through all your dream thoughts with the association method, but have fallen down; that you have not managed to get any enlightenment whatever. If such is the case, take a look at the dream elements that you have written out, and see if any of them, in any way, have any associations with anything that you experienced on the day before the night in which the dream occurred, i.e., *yesterday*.

Take each dream fragment in turn, hold it in the mind for a moment, and then mentally go back over yesterday's experiences. To aid you in this effort, imagine that the whole of yesterday's happenings consists of many fragments of cloth of different colours and textures, and that your dream fragment is a sample which you desire to match. Imagine yourself going along over the trail of yesterday's events with this sample in your consciousness trying to find where it belongs—from which piece of "experience cloth" it was "cut."

At this point it will be well to apprehend the following fundamental of dream phenomena: *Every dream is stimulated by something that was experienced the day before the night that the dream occurs*—provided that the dream is of a nocturnal nature. The foregoing principle can be re-stated as follows: *A dream transpires*

during the first propitious period of mental twilight conditions that occurs after the stimulating influence has been undergone.

If therefore you are patient, also resourceful, and will take that "sample idea" from your dream, and go back over the previous day's experiences in a mental survey, somewhere or other (in the case of at least one of your elements) you will succeed *in matching the sample*. You will discover in that day's occurrences the incident that actually stimulated the dream. When you have found out what caused your dream you will immediately have at least one good clue to a part of its meaning.

The meaning of my prescription dream continued to be baffling for a time. While I was floundering about among the associations of *influenza, ammoniated tincture of quinine, Sir William Broadbent, universities, and certain painful memories*, etc., there was not much light on the trail of my mental associations. But, following the golden rule of the analytic method, I refrained from speculation and from asking myself what on earth any of those subjects had to do with my psychical welfare; and also from speculating on the relevancy or irrelevancy of any of the ideas that passed in review before my consciousness. I *followed* the trail of thought associations, and carefully refrained from blazing any new mental paths.

While I was carrying my Miles City "sample" over the experiences of the previous day—flash! All at once I mentally found myself in my office, tilting back in my swing-chair, turned somewhat sideways to my cultured caller, who occupied a seat on the other side of my table-desk. *I had matched my sample.*

There then bubbled up into my consciousness a series of thoughts and realizations of mental tendencies in relation to the subject of education that I did not apprehend had been disturbing me; these thoughts and tendencies had, however, evidently been in active eruption beneath the horizon of my consciousness from early childhood. I had been carrying around within me an *education complex* which had been no small handicap to me in my life.

Now it may be that even with a great resourcefulness in the foregoing methods of analysis, you will still be unable to decode the meaning of your dream; so we shall have to move along to a consideration of other factors in analytic technique. Some of the elements of the dream are liable to be "all mussed up"—as my little daughter sometimes expresses herself; they may be either vague and indistinguishable, or else familiar, yet unrecognizable. We will go after those familiar yet strange features first.

The *strangeness* about a dream element is mostly caused by what is known as *condensation* and *displacement*.

It may be that one of your figures looks like someone whom you know as regards a stooping of the shoulders, though the beard is strange; and instead of his appearing to wear ordinary trousers, his legs may seem to be composed of elongated sacks of flour; or some other seeming incongruity may be in evidence. In such a case, the form of one person, with some characteristics of another person blended into it, is an illustration of condensation; that is, some of the features of two different people, whom you know, are condensed into one figure in the dream drama.

The idea of sacks of flour serving as legs illustrates the principles of *displacement*. Sacks of flour are all very well in their way, and when taken by themselves are quite commonplace objects; but when they are made to represent the legs of a man they are far from being ordinary ideas; they are, in fact, extraordinary. They have become displaced from the set of memories to which they belong, and have been projected to other sets where they have no relevant orderliness whatever.

With this little additional information for your guidance, go to work now and see if you can split up some of your complex dream fragments into smaller parts. For example: In the case of the man with the stooping shoulders (who reminds you of some particular individual), just consider the stooping shoulders as an element for a stimulus idea, and let your associations flow from that point.

After you have done this, take the beard part of the condensed figure, and utilise that as another stimulus point; and if the figure has other familiar yet strange characteristics, take them all in turn and treat them likewise.

Remember that the great secret in dream analysis is to split up the dream fragments until you can consider something that is free from distortion.

After you have taken all the features of condensation, and have developed flows of free associations in connection with them, take up the *displacements*; in the case in point, for instance, these are the sacks of flour that have become displaced from a logical to an illogical association. Forget everything else; take these sacks of flour as stimulus points, and *let the mental engine run freely again*. Don't think of those sacks of

flour as being *legs*, or as *anything else*, for that matter. In fact, as previously emphasized, *don't think at all*. Simply make a mental picture of those sacks of flour, but *without associating them with anything*, and then allow your mental streams to run freely.

It is very likely that, before you have got thus far, at least something will have become revealed to you. If you have been unable to decipher any complete "sentences" of your dream hieroglyphics you will most probably have succeeded in picking out some "words" here and there. You must not be impatient, however; for if you start to learn a modern language, such as Spanish, you will not advance very far by your first day's efforts.

Let us now take a look at something that you may describe as a *funny* part of the dream. Maybe, for example, your dream pictured a cat smoking a pipe, or featured a very emaciated cow standing on her head on the top of a gate. Taken as a group of ideas, the effect would certainly be funny. But if the cat is considered and treated as a cat, and then the pipe is similarly treated (*i.e.*, the two ideas removed from their *displaced positions*), the grotesque effect is at once removed. The cat, when considered as a cat (by itself), will probably be found to be quite an ordinary and, possibly, a very self-respecting animal; while the pipe, when looked at merely as a pipe (by itself also), will be found to be similarly devoid of any humorous characteristics. Similar conditions will prevail in the case of the emaciated cow which the dream drama represented as casually standing on her head on the top of a gate. There is nothing funny about an emaciated cow; in fact, the effect is rather the reverse.

Still, the risibilities of a Sioux Indian would be badly strained at the sight of a poor old cow doing anything like that which the dream drama pictured.

If we take this particular bovine specimen, stand her on her feet instead of her head, and consider her from that more normal standpoint, we have a quite commonplace dream fragment as a stimulus point for flows of free associations. For that matter, we can "split up" that poor old cow, and use the tail, the gaunt pin bones, or her dung-plastered sides, as individual stimulus elements. Then, when we have taken the gate feature by itself, and have given it similar consideration as a separate dream fragment, we shall very probably begin to get somewhere.

This is a very good place for me to say something about "funny" dreams; and it is this: "*There are none.*" If, like the rest of us ordinary mortals, you have thought otherwise in this respect, the present is a good time to revise your concepts. In truth, it is the best time that you will ever have for accomplishing that mental revision, for the simple reason that the old concept is *wrong*; and for remedying anything that is wrong there is no better time than *now*.

I have studied Freud very seriously, and when I read that, although he had analysed many thousands of dreams (including no small number of his own), he still had to encounter his first "funny" dream, I did not stop to challenge his statement. On the contrary, I started in to analyse dreams for myself. And as I knew of no better subject than my own self towards which to apply these analytical principles, I adopted that course.

En passant, I would suggest that if some of the

worthy mortals who have "flown off" into violently hostile criticism of Freud's governing contentions would only do a little personal analysis in relation to some of their obvious psychical sensitivenesses there is every probability that their published opinions would be of a different complexion. After three years of a personal application of the Freudian principles, and with quite a liberal opportunity to study the psychical reactions of other people (both in the consulting-room and in the daily social life), I feel justified in suggesting that the only people who deny (and, oftentimes, with exaggeratedly hostile emphasis) the soundness of Freud's general theories, are those who have either never studied his works or who have some very pronounced psychical reasons for their extremely belligerent attitude towards psycho-analytic principles.

My own experience in dream analysis has resulted in conclusions which coincide with the experience of every other serious investigator; and which, in relation to "funny" dreams, justify me in extending the following comment in the language of the traditional small boy, viz., "There ain't none."

If you can succeed in decoding that dream of yours, you will find that, concealed in its picturesque and symbolized language, there is some repressed *wish*, *fear*, or *weakness*. And if you have followed closely the instructions given up to this point, you will probably have succeeded in uncovering at least some of the hidden meaning of that dream. Don't be disappointed if you have not managed to get to the end of all the roots of those dream thoughts, however, nor if your efforts result in your being able to decipher only a comparatively small proportion of the whole unconscious

message. If you do not succeed in deciphering more than a mere fragment or so, you will have accomplished something; and you will feel all the better for it.

There are still more rules with which to comply in your dream analysis; and the one which I am now going to intimate will possibly strike you, at first, as being somewhat startling. *The central actor in your dream is yourself.* No matter whether you are a man and the central actor is a woman, or whether you are a woman and the principal character is a man; whoever or whatever that central actor may be *it is probably you, yourself.* It won't make any difference if the figure is a child, while you are an adult; that figure will simply be *a mask behind which the interest of your own ego will be lurking.* As far as that is concerned, it may be well to see whether some central *thing*, or even a *scene*, may not be a dramatized representation of your own personality.

It must be remembered that as the dream is a disguised dramatization of unconscious (repressed) tendencies, it is *a language of hints, inferences, and suggestions*; the subtle resourcefulness of its vocabulary will depend upon the degree of repression that occurred in the first place, and upon the insistence of the tendency for these repressed ideas to break forth again into the consciousness.

Therefore, in addition to all the other procedures, try to imagine that the central actor in your dream is yourself, no matter whether or not there is a dissimilarity in sex or age; and then, from that standpoint, try to associate yourself with the rest of the dream drama. When you have done this it is probable that some more

of the camouflaging features of the dream will become dissolved, and you will be able to recognize further details of its hidden meaning.

Imagining, therefore, that the central actor of the dream is yourself, and that you are actually seeing yourself when you are looking at that central feature, "take out the clutch" of your intellectual mechanism once more, and let your free associations flow. When you do this it is very possible that the element which has hitherto baffled all previous efforts to decipher will, at last, yield its secret, so that the hidden meaning of your dramatized unconscious ideas becomes revealed to your consciousness.

We will now consider the hardest obstacle of all, viz., that part of your dream where something or other, or some condition or other, was vague, and which you could not clearly define. You may perhaps think that, in such cases, the reasons for such indistinctness are to be found in an ordinary lack of memory; or that the vague fragment was not clearly seen in the first place. There are, however, very good reasons why that something or other in the dream was vague and indistinct.

Some particularly undesirable unconscious wish, fear, or tendency struggled for expression; but it encountered such great repressing influences from the upper thought streams of the consciousness that it was prevented from becoming dramatized.

All dream fragments are of import, but the obscure parts are more than that: they are vital. Yet you must not worry over an inability to decode all such elements; the basic principle of the free association method is to be *cool and deliberate*. Nothing can be

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accomplished by straining; the very act of *straining* circumvents its own object.

Dreams are the dramatized ideas of repressed unconscious wishes, fears, and weaknesses; they are never meaningless; and when they are decoded it always transpires that the hidden meaning is of great importance to the personality.

It may be asked, of course: "What about the dreams of little children; are they also dramatized ideas relating to repressed wishes?" etc. No, they are not. Furthermore, *the dreams of little children are not disguised.* As soon as disguises commence to appear in a child's dreams the signs are infallible that repressions have commenced to occur.

CHAPTER X

UNCONSCIOUS CONFLICTS

YOU have, no doubt, heard a great deal about the powers of the sub-conscious mind, which modern analytic psychologists now designate the *unconscious*.

Yes, there are great latent powers in the unconscious mind; but there are powers for evil as well as for good in that stupendous mechanism. The unconscious mind is not a well of unmined goodness by a long way. It is by no means a reservoir of undiluted, desirable influences from which your consciousness can get its fill by simply turning on some magic tap. To say the least, the great unconscious mind is only good in part, some of which are very bad indeed—like the egg that was palmed off on the timid curate.

It is the custom of some worthy people to speak rather depreciatingly of the exterior personality, and at the same time to do more than hint at the unfathomable goodness that lies within, etc. True, the unconscious is unfathomable in some respects; almost too much so in relation to many things. To use the words of an advertisement for a certain brand of cocoa, it may be very "grateful and comforting" to go through life asking people not to judge by exterior conditions, and to think of all the great goodness that there is within, etc. Unfortunately, however, the outward conscious conduct of the individual is the only aspect of the personality that has much interest for us.

If the conscious conduct is "off colour," then we don't get much satisfaction from drawing mental pictures of some wonderful imaginary goodness within.

In going through life (from cradle to grave) we are continually experiencing sensations, some of which are good and some bad. We are, also, frequently coming under certain influences which are desirable while others are quite the contrary.

Have you ever stopped to reflect on what becomes of those good and bad influences and sensations? Perhaps you may say that you have applied to your benefit the good sensations and influences, while those which were undesirable you have *buried*. In other words, you may consider that you have made good use of all the goodnesses that have been available to you and have got rid of all the badnesses by turning your back to them—forgetting them.

Well, you may have turned your back to the memories of undesirable experiences, and have forgotten them as far as the consciousness is concerned; but they didn't, by any means, happen conveniently to die just because of that sort of treatment. In reality, they continued not only to live, but also to persist in an extremely active existence.

It may be admitted that you have tried to benefit by the goodnesses contained in the past (memories of mentally uplifting experiences, etc.); in fact, it may be accepted that this has been accomplished to a very marked degree. Even so, however, the other factors mentioned have not been disposed of satisfactorily.

Of course, if the unconscious mind happened to be a sort of incinerator for mental garbage, then it would be well to turn the back upon undesirable sensations

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and experiences. Unfortunately, however, no such convenient way of getting rid of harmful mental material is at our disposal.

Even in the physical world we do not render conditions any more hygienic by closing our nostrils and denying the existence of a stench. The disagreeableness of a stench is a friendly influence whereby we can apprehend the existence of a menacing unhygienic state of affairs. It is somewhat analogous to a pain, which acts as a timely warning of an impending physical disharmony.

The strengths and better aspects of our personalities are products of the memories of past good influences which we have applied to our benefit; while our weaknesses and failings are products of past bad influences which have been buried in the unconscious instead of being sublimated in the consciousness.

Nothing that we have ever turned our mental backs upon since our cradle days has been rendered extinct by any such attitude; and all our fears and similar weaknesses are direct products of those influences: influences which have not been properly faced and disposed of in the consciousness, but which have been driven down into the unconscious, where they have retained all their original adverse characteristics and have functioned accordingly.

I have used the term *sublimated*, and I would like you to know just what this means; to do this I will illustrate by an experience. A case came under my notice some time ago in which a lady had been treated by a member of her family in a way that was far from commendable, and that hurt her considerably. After a lapse of about two years this lady expressed herself

as desirous of forgiving the person who had injured her, and asked me whether that would not be the proper spirit to manifest. I told her that, undoubtedly, forgiveness would be a most enviable attitude to adopt; and that, if she really felt capable of forgiving, to do so by all means. Upon hearing this, the lady in question appeared to be more settled in mind.

Meeting this person some time afterwards I asked her if she had succeeded in acquiring the desired mental attitude towards the person who had injured her, and she smilingly nodded an affirmative. I then asked her whether she felt just as if nothing had ever happened, and if she would go out of her way to do her erstwhile friend any loving action in as wholly unrestrained a manner as she could ever have done before the unpleasant incident took place; whether, in fact, she had *really forgiven*: forgiven in her heart—in her *unconscious*.

The lady asked whether such a disposition as this had to exist in order for actual forgiveness to apply; and I not only assured her in the affirmative, but also suggested that, unless this *unconscious forgiveness existed*, it would be a thousand times better to keep the disagreeable incident up in the consciousness and let it become dispersed in course of time through the sheer force of fresh scenes gradually producing a changed mental attitude.

It transpired that the lady in question had not by a long way forgiven the treatment of which she had complained; in fact, she had not forgiven it at all. She was only trying to *fool herself*.

In such a case as this, *sublimation* would mean the transforming of a feeling of hatred into love, *i.e.*, extinguishing one extreme emotional burden by substituting

what is known technically as its *ambivalent complement*—the other extreme. To accomplish such a mental transformation would, of course, be no easy task for a plain, everyday mortal. I am not preaching, however, but simply stating a fundamental psychological truth. The lesson is : If you have a grievance, or have some memory of a painful experience of any sort and you cannot really *sublimate* it, then keep it in the consciousness ; *don't bury it alive—for it won't die, anyway.* In truth, it is going to keep so much alive down there in your unconscious mind that you are going to hear from it and feel it in many ways in the future.

I hope, however, that you will not form the conclusion that I am intimating that if a memory cannot be sublimated you have to keep on living it over.

Don't try either to forget or to remember. Let the insistence of the energy that belongs to the memory in question become *dispersed in the consciousness* by reason of the continual intruding of new experiences. Whatever you do, though, *disperse it in the consciousness if you cannot sublimate it ; don't bury it alive.* Every time that you bury an unpleasant sensation or memory alive you bury energy ; and when energy is cut off from conscious availability and control it will *turn bolshevik.*

In your mind's eye, just go back to the cradle and try to imagine the many millions of times, probably, that memories have been *buried alive instead of being either sublimated or dispersed* in the consciousness ; and then remember that each one of such *repressions* has meant a dissociation from the conscious resources of a certain amount of energy. Is it any wonder that you have felt completely exhausted at times when you have known

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only too well that there have been no physiological reasons for it?

It is from these writhing, squirming, won't-be-dead memories that your dreams are derived.

Those memories cannot reveal themselves to your consciousness, for you wouldn't let them do so; in fact you repressed them in the first place rather than acknowledge them.

Those dreams of yours, if you could only recognize them, are the ghosts of buried-alive memories and sensations.

Oh, yes, they are nicely disguised, all right; they have to be. Didn't you throw them out of the consciousness *bodily*? You even tried to deny to yourself that they ever existed.

A very estimable lady was endeavouring to combat some of my arguments concerning sublimation some time ago, and I asked her whether she would care very much if the whole of her inner thoughts were revealed to the world like a book. The good woman gave me a startled look and ejaculated: "Good heavens, yes; I would care very much!"

Before we go any farther, I should like the reader to put that same question to him (or her) self, also. Would *you* feel ashamed if the whole of your inner mental life became revealed to the world? And if so, why?

Cultural requirements demand that the developing youth and maiden, and the matured man and woman, shall conform to very definite and arbitrary standards of ethics and morals. The whole fabric of our highly evolved society depends upon the maintenance of these definite and arbitrary ethical and moral demands.

Notwithstanding these requirements, however,

sublimation of primitive impulses has not kept pace with conventionalism. The inner thoughts are not as pure as the outward conduct would make believe. And it is from these inner thoughts that many, if not most, dreams spring, albeit in camouflaged form.

No matter of what the undesirable thought or feeling may consist, it should be either dispersed in the consciousness or *sublimated*. If neither of these solutions occurs a condition exists which is known as a *repression*; and I know of no more fitting definition to use in relation to repression than defining it as *sitting on the safety-valve*. It is an attempt to hold something down by main force instead of by adjusting the conscious attitude in accordance with natural requirements.

Repression instead of sublimation can have only one result: viz., the generation of an *unconscious conflict*; *a conflict between the repressed ideas and the faculties that did the repressing*. Under these conditions an unconscious fight becomes generated between two strata of mental activity, one of which tries to break out while the other tries to repress. If the repressing power manages to hold the other influence back, maybe the personality will succeed in getting along with nothing more obvious to the outer world than a little jumpiness of the nerves; but, if this defence on the part of the repressing power happens to give way, then something extremely serious befalls the personality, either in the form of a mental disturbance or a nervous breakdown. A so-called nervous breakdown is not a breaking down of any physiological process, but is a *psychological outbreak*.¹

¹ It is doubtful if psychologists of the physiological school would agree with this statement.

UNCONSCIOUS CONFL.

If feelings and tendencies that are innatural requirements cannot be sublimated, emotion-burdens accordingly suitably transformed, they must be frankly faced and assimilated into a general healthy mental attitude. If they are neither sublimated nor dispersed, but are, instead, driven out of the consciousness into the unconsciousness, they maintain down there in that great mental reservoir all the insistent energy with which they were primarily endowed. Instead, therefore, of the personality getting away from trouble by these repressing methods, it has courted more of it.

Every repression involves the disposal of a certain amount of energy which is not only lost to conscious availability, but is wasted in worse than useless unconscious conflicts. The energy that should be utilized in making the psychical machine function according to desirable demands consequently spends itself in shaking the personality to pieces.

Yes, there is a wonderful store of energy in the unconscious mind; but you should not assume that the unconscious is the natural source of the energy that is required by the consciousness. No, indeed! Most of the energy that exists in your great unconscious mind has no business whatever to be there; it is energy that you have practically thrown away. It is energy that should never have become unconscious in the first place; it is the rightful heritage of the consciousness.

You started off from the cradle with energy enough and to spare; (and if you have any doubts about this you have only to consult any available authority who may have had direct experience with your infantile days). But when you commenced to repress undesirable

sublimation of tendencies instead of sublimating or *convention*g them in the consciousness, you started to *as the* your energy with spendthrift prodigality.

i° If you want to have your energy restored to the consciousness, the unconscious mental conflicts must be dissolved; for you cannot have your energy consumed in submerged mental strifes and have it for conscious availability at the same time.

A lot of nonsense has been written and spoken about *the power of thought*. In itself, thought has no power whatever; but the power that is behind the thought, the generating influence, is, in reality, the same energy that makes worlds revolve.

As long as mental energy remains bottled up in the unconscious the thoughts resulting therefrom will for ever strive for expression; and if they cannot attain it in one way they will find it in some other direction. In dream phenomena and these thoughts becoming expressed in their least desirable manner; in certain mental and temperamental peculiarities we see them more pronouncedly evident; in so-called nervous breakdown they are more seriously obvious, and in the psychopathic ward we view them at their worst.

The great lesson in relation to which is: *Release your repressions. Cease burying your head in the sand. Remember that a blush is no token of modesty, but, on the contrary, is a sign of unconscious guilt.*

CHAPTER XI

UNCONSCIOUS HANDICAPS

WHEN we see a person with an alert, forceful, and orderly mind going through the business requirements of the day as if work were a pleasure (which it is), and see another person suffering from a "nervous breakdown" being wheeled along in an invalid's chair, all "shot to pieces," it is hard to realize that the invalid-chair specimen possesses quite as much energy as has the energetic individual who is making things move in the affairs of life; yet this is the case. In such instances "Exhibit A" has most of his energy available for conscious utilization; it is all *bunched up*, so to speak; whereas "Exhibit B" is practically *split wide open*. The one is a united personality, utilizing his whole energy to meet the requirements of life, while the other is having most of his motive power dissipated in *unconscious internecine strifes*.

The cause of the nerves becoming "jumpy" is the existence in the unconscious of a condition of mental anarchy; and instead of the resultant nervous reactions being erratic and disorderly, they are quite logical results of the underlying motivating influences.

If, through carelessness or mental confusion, a person runs his automobile into a ditch or telegraph pole, he could not logically blame the steering-gear of the machine for his predicament. And an analogous

set of conditions exists in relation to so-called nervous breakdown.

Every form of so-called nervous ailment is a symptom of the existence of unconscious mental turmoils; and when a "breakdown" occurs there is in reality a *breaking out* of something; a something that has at last become too insistent to be any longer restrained. It is not necessary, however, to get to the invalid-chair stage of helplessness for unconscious handicaps to be apparent; neither is it wise to be in any way too self-satisfied as regards our own selves in this respect. For that matter, the person who is wholly free from unconscious handicaps is exceptional.

Have you ever had the experience of going along with the routine of life in the usual manner, and then almost all at once of having a feeling of depression come over you? You get the "hump"—to use a homely yet expressive term. As far as you can consciously apprehend, nothing has happened to cause this mental condition; in fact, there is only one thing about it that you really understand, and that is that you *have it*.

Very often the term *premonition* is used in relation to such a passing feeling of depression; there is an *anxious feeling*; a feeling that something unpleasant is going to happen. After this, whenever you have any such feeling, *don't worry about anything going to happen; it has happened already*. Something has happened already, and probably in the long, long ago at that; and you are just living it over again—though perhaps you don't know it. Something or other, unknown to your conscious self, "touched off" that unconscious mental mechanism of yours and stirred again into fierce activity some bunch of "touchy"

old memories; memories which you buried alive at some time or other, but which simply declined to die. Ever got out of bed the wrong way one morning? You know what I mean : *got up with a grouch ?*

Ever tried to find out what it all meant? Probably ascribed your mental attitude to liver—if you have reflected about it at all. If you have ever caught yourself in this mental state (brought an analytic effort to bear on it), the chances are that you have been wholly unable to find any good reason for having had the mental experience. Nothing wrong occurred on the preceding day; neither does anything (consciously) distasteful lie ahead in the coming day's duties. Nevertheless, there is the grouch all the same; and it may be a particularly mean specimen at that.

The next time that this experience occurs, don't put the blame on the liver, but place it where it belongs. In all probability your liver is quite a decent and hard-working organ. Poor old liver! Many and varied are the burdens and blames for ills and conditions unjustly ascribed to that mechanism.

Sometimes you may get up with something worse than a grouch; you may get up actually tired; and so tired that it seems that you have become more worn out during the night than you were when you went to bed. Ever stop to think it over? Probably not. On the contrary, the chances are that the liver was blamed again.

The real cause of your trouble is that, although you have been asleep as far as your consciousness is concerned, *you have been extremely active in your unconscious. Your great submerged mental mechanism has been on a veritable rampage during the night; and your energy has been accordingly dissipated.*

Something, on the preceding day probably, in some way or other, served as a stimulus to some set or sets of buried-alive memories; so that, as soon as the energetically restraining influences of your consciousness became lessened by sleep, *out came your unconscious ghosts; and they made a night of it.*

It took a whole lot of energy to keep up that all-night *unconscious jamboree*. No wonder that you got up feeling tired.

Ever been toddling along through life, taking things as they came as well as you could, and then been confronted with some little thing or other over which you stubbed your mental toes, so that you felt like "throwing things around"? Then, about nineteen and three-quarter minutes after such an experience, you have a slight realization that you went a little too far in what you said or did; and thirteen minutes later you feel pretty sure that you rather overdid things; and then, after the lapse of another brief "breathing spell," you become painfully conscious that you made a glorious ass of yourself?

It is a *nasty feeling*. I've been there; and consequently can speak from experience. And after such an episode, very probably (like the rest of us), you have chased about for some conveniently sized hole into which you could crawl, so to speak, and hide yourself until you have managed to get over the "outbreak" a little bit; get mentally convalescent again.

Yes! It all serves to make a person feel somewhat mentally insignificant for the time being. Yet, after all, there are other individuals who are in a still more deplorable mental state, viz., the *smug type*; those who

are quite satisfied with themselves. They are often quite hopeless.

When you have had some such experience as the foregoing, have you ever stopped seriously to endeavour to ascertain the cause of it all? Have you ever tried to link up the "explosion" with the immediate environmental causes?

If you have made any such analytic efforts you will get an awakening; you will find that you did not "explode" by reason of anything that actually transpired at that time, or because of anything directly relating thereto. You will discover that you "blew up" because some particular incident (trivial and inconsequent in itself), unknown to your consciousness, touched off a group of old unconscious buried memories. You therefore did not react to what occurred on that particular occasion at all. What happened was: by reason of a stirring into activity of some particular nest of buried-alive memories, *you lived over again (in your unconscious) the actual sensations which you experienced when they originally occurred. You fought over again, in effigy, some old, past unpleasant experience.*

The conditions which you have blamed for the outbreak have, in reality, had little to do with the occurrence, except to act as a stimulus; they only happened to have some aspects about them which served to *prod an old, unconscious, sore spot.*

Again: have you ever taken an inventory of the people whom you know and the ones whom you casually meet in your daily life and noted those whom you like and those whom you don't like; then, after you have done this, have you tried to analyse just why

it is that you happen to like or dislike Mr. A. or Mrs. B.?

A certain person "gives us a pain," or "makes us tired," mostly because of some feature of his personality that *rubs something in our unconscious selves the wrong way*. In reality, therefore, the poor devil who gets the blame for the trouble is oftentimes not the actual culprit at all. The real offender is that beastly mass of unconscious mental complexes that we are carrying about inside us.

Of course, we may think that we don't like a person because he or she has this, that, or some other characteristic we don't like. The truth is that if we would only stop to analyse things, we would realize that there are many people we don't dislike who may have similar temperamental qualities. In such circumstances as these we are not reacting from either the individual or any of his peculiarities. We have simply made him the scapegoat for certain weaknesses that exist in ourselves.

Talk about *carrying chips on one's shoulders*: we are apt to carry around with us through life a whole carpenter's stock pile of mental "chips" in that beastly unconscious mind of ours.

Then, again, have you ever started to talk economics or politics, or some other fool thing on which you may have "deep convictions" (blessed term!), with the determination to *keep quite cool*, and to weigh the other chap down with the force of your well-measured arguments; and then, before the little seance had gone very far, have you found yourself so fighting mad that you could almost chew the ear off your adversary, throw him into the gutter, and sit on his head until

you could get your breath again? And have you ever stopped to reason out just *why* such mental cannibalistic inclinations as these have broken out?

A little reflection will show you that you didn't get annoyed with that unfortunate adversary of yours at all, nor with anything that he said. It was only another instance of your being *split again*. Your conscious mind was pulling you one way and your unconscious mind another; and between the two of them you went to pieces.

It is always thus with the person who is rent by unconscious conflicts. He is constantly getting "torn"; but he thinks that it is the people he meets and the conditions which he encounters that are responsible. As a matter of fact, it is his own unconscious that is doing the *tearing*.

Yes! There is a wonderful power in that great unconscious mind; a mighty wonderful power, so wonderful that, in a great number of people, it is shaking them to pieces. Energy! We've all got energy enough—and to spare. It is not lack of energy from which anyone suffers, but the lack of ability to control it.

At every turn of the road the person who is blindly motivated by unconscious conflicts is everlastingly throwing blocks between his own feet over which he, himself, will stumble. He is for ever seeing dangers where none exists, imagining the existence of obstacles where the road is clear, and taking into his ego insults and affronts where none has been intended. His lot is certainly a hard one.

These are some of the pathologic evidences of mental conflicts and complexes; but it is not necessary

to consider pronounced symptoms such as these in order to apprehend the great handicapping influences of such unconscious strifes. To a certain extent, some degree of conflict exists in all of us, and manifests itself in our daily actions, though in ways that the uninformed seldom recognize.

Most of our so-called convictions are nothing but prejudices, and those prejudices are in reality *states of mind*; they represent conscious mental attitudes which are, in their turn, motivated by unconscious conditions.

When we stir up our buried mental material by means of concentratedly directed attention, *we stir up the good and the bad at the same time ; the desirable and the undesirable ; the pleasing and the irritating*. When we *think*, we are therefore just as apt to start into violent activity some bunch of buried-alive painful memories as we are to revive some harmless material. When that occurs it can be imagined what sort of unconscious turmoil becomes set in motion. The result is, that before any thoughts can come up into the consciousness to be sorted out by the reasoning faculties, there is a veritable "rough house" down there in the unconscious among the various conflicting elements. Under these conditions, the thoughts that eventually manage to reach the consciousness have had to run the gauntlet of every form of unconscious prejudice and antipathy, and have been amenable to the influence of every painful memory that has become stirred into activity. Is it any wonder, therefore, that, from the dawn of civilization down to the present time, people have murdered their fellow-beings "for the glory of God," and have taken a special delight in

throwing their brothers into dungeons in the "sacred cause of liberty"?

Have you ever stopped to wonder why so many brutal deeds of violence are indulged in from time to time over something or other that is, in itself, so pathetically trivial? You have wondered, no doubt, how it is that such things can occur. In all such instances we have the same old governing conditions involved, viz., the conscious conduct being motivated by that great, blind, unthinking, unconscious mind. Getting stronger and stronger, and the restraining influences becoming consequently less and less adequate to meet the conditions, a time comes when there is a breaking forth of *blind, unreasoning energy*, and its wrongful application. What would, under the right circumstances, have been a creative force for the benefit of human requirements and responsibilities, becomes a destroying curse.

Psycho-analysis is the only method that has ever attempted to meet conditions as they are, and to treat them as they are encountered. In this treatment there is no running away from anything; but a going to meet the trouble, and thereby remedying it by *direct action*.

In the analytic method there is no attempt to forget anything; no desire to deny the existence of anything; no effort to affirm the possession of anything. Things are taken as they are, and grappled with accordingly.

Psycho-analysis is the fresh-air treatment applied to mental microbes. Instead of a thrusting back of all germ-laden mental material into the unconscious, there to breed a foetid hell, it is brought up into the consciousness and destroyed by the disinfecting influences of the glaring sunlight of analytic treatment.

CHAPTER XII

A MENTAL CATHARTIC TREATMENT

GO somewhere where you can be alone, and where you can talk to yourself without being overheard. Then think of all the weaknesses and undesirable characteristics that have troubled you so greatly in your life, and *utter them aloud*.

Bring out every shortcoming and furtive tendency and *permit your own ears to hear your own voice giving expression to those repressed thoughts*.

Many thousands of times in your life you have caught fleeting glimpses of slinking thoughts in your mind, of which you have tried to deny the existence—run away from, in fact. It is best that these running-away efforts should end, and that a totally different attitude be adopted; for a little reflection is all that is necessary to show that running away from something which is unpleasant does not dispose of the disagreeable agents. *Instead of running away from such things as these, therefore, go to meet them, and have it out once for all.*

Have you ever heard your own voice uttering aloud your innermost fears, weaknesses, and undesirable tendencies? Well, you are going to be a trifle startled at first. You will understand, however, that *you are not creating anything that has not hitherto existed*. You are simply facing, for the first time, something the

existence of which you have always tried your hardest to deny.

You have not apprehended the fact that inner weaknesses are like shadows; the faster that one runs the faster the shadow also travels. There is no change in the relative positions. When we travel fast, the shadows of our weaknesses travel fast; when we stop, they stop. When we move on again, our phantom attendants move on with us. Where we are, they are; and thus it is—*always*.

Running away from one's mental shadows is a losing race from the beginning; the runner has no chance whatever. And the faster the misguided individual runs the sooner he lands in the psychopathic ditch.

Instead of running away, therefore, we are now going to do the opposite. *We are going to turn round and have it out.*

In the first place, however, don't infer that the mental attitude that is aimed at is a sort of glorified moaning and groaning indulgence, for it is not to be anything of the sort. This is not to be any lamentation seance. Simply transform vague, repressed, slinking, and furtive thoughts into *words*.

Give your own ears a chance to hear your own voice giving expression to ideas that have hitherto been *insinuating their undesirable characteristics into the shadowlands of your mental recesses*.

Act as if you were taking a cold-blooded inventory of the weaknesses, fears, and unenviable tendencies of some entity or other which is something apart from yourself. Don't look upon the thoughts that you thus drag forth as being anything to be ashamed of, or as having any other form of personal identification. Look

upon them as *bunches of barnacles that you are scraping off your submerged mental foundations.*

Go right down the line, speaking out aloud those thoughts of which you have caught fleeting glimpses from time to time; don't shirk anything. The more disagreeable or distressing a thought seems to be the greater the necessity for oral expression.

Transform your disturbing mental ghosts into actual *acoustic sense images* so that they are brought within apprehension and control of the *conscious sense factors*. Don't let them lurk in their darksome fastnesses any longer; drag them out into the light of day. Turn their furtive, insinuating tendencies into concrete *words*, i.e., *speak them; utter them aloud. Make actual sound vibrations of them.*

As your associations take you from one point to another in your mental storehouse, and you catch sight, here and there, of one of these slinking thoughts, take hold of it, and drag it out into the glare of your conscious understanding by means of exact, definite, and unrestrained *words*; not thought-words, but *spoken words*.

No matter what the idea, nor how brutally unpalatable its contents are, face it unflinchingly. *Don't be a shirker.* Face frankly any scene where you have fallen down in some respect or other, and describe it in words so that your own ears can *hear* those ideas. You have *thought* of them enough, maybe, many times; too much so, in fact. What is required now is to *hear* them. Turn your hitherto repressed thoughts, with their attendant weaknesses, into audible expressions. *Turn out everything.*

No matter whether a thought pertains to religion,

sex, inferiority, temperament, grief, disappointment, or injuries—real or imaginary—*turn them into words. Hear yourself speak them.*

Yes, I know that the doctrine that has been hitherto preached by many good theorists has been *repress, repress, repress*. I know something more, also—viz., that it is *this principle of repression that has filled our lunatic asylums and has inflicted a multitude of neurotics upon society. To repress without sublimating means absolute disaster.* The doctrine of the analytic psychologist is *disperse, disperse, disperse.*

We are going to do something with this mental inventory presently, but before doing so I will say that the very act of making it will have a most beneficial effect. The mere act of transforming the vague and repressed thoughts into words, and letting those thoughts be represented by actual acoustic vibrations, produces a pronounced *emotional release; an easing of psychical tension.*

Of course, there must not be any confusion as to the nature of the mental attitude that will govern this exercise. There must not be the slightest tendency towards *moody introspection*. Don't make the mistake of considering this action as being a *post-mortem* examination or an *inquest*.

Simply recite the bald facts in as cold-blooded a manner as you would call out the articles on a shelf to an attendant clerk if you were taking an inventory of a grocery business. Keep on talking as long as ideas come up to be expressed, and when you have "run dry," *commence to write, and write fast.*

We now want to have another "original" story; and we want that story to be written down so that it

this purging effort, and have apprehended the principles that are involved in the subsequent word-dream construction, a very pronounced object will have been attained; and you are now prepared to take up the next stage of your mental therapeutic efforts.

The giving of oral expression to the repressed thoughts, fears, weaknesses, and tendencies, will have an extremely beneficial influence upon the unconscious conflicts, as it will serve to release a very considerable part of the hitherto pent-up emotional pressure. The benefit in this connection can be so great, in fact, that it has to be experienced in order to be fully realized. The reaction is in many cases simply extraordinary.

Then the writing down of the word-dream gives a conscious anchorage for certain thoughts and feelings which still lurk in the unconscious mental depths, and which we shall have to restore to the consciousness by means of the free-association method.

CHAPTER XIII

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KILLING THE ROOTS OF A HA

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I commenced to smoke in 1888, and continued to do so until 1918. I therefore smoked for an even thirty years. I was a pipe-smoker, and an exceedingly heavy one, for I averaged a little over an ounce of tobacco per day. I used to blend my own tobacco, and used about a quarter of a pound of a black, heavy Turkish leaf, to about three-quarters of a pound of Virginia growth. I also used to permit my mixture to mature in an assortment of jars, about the details of which I was very fastidious. It will thus be seen that I took my habit of smoking very seriously indeed. I never smoked twice in succession from the same pipe; and although I should not be smoking from a pipe for more than a few minutes before the container would be practically red hot, I always made it a point to start off with a cool pipe. I never smoked in bed; but used to do so before breakfast—which is bad enough. I smoked when I used the typewriter; and when my ideas were rather tardy in arriving I smoked very hard; when they commenced to flow freely I smoked even harder. To ensure a cool pipe at the beginning of

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CHAPTER XIII

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a smoke I therefore had to have several pipes on my desk ready for their rotation duty. I did not inhale the tobacco smoke, though I used to pass most of it through the nasal passages—so that I could taste the last whiff, I suppose

I think that it will be apparent that I was what may be called *some smoker*. No moths ever got into my clothes.

On April 2, 1918, I had breakfast as usual—and lighted a pipe immediately afterwards, as usual. I then commenced to read the morning paper—which was something else that was also usual.

My eye was attracted by the record of an interview which some newspaper man had had on the previous day with Sir Ernest Shackleton, who had recently returned from his second Antarctic trip.

I was particularly struck by a remark that Shackleton made to the interviewer in relation to the privations that his men suffered on that awful journey. He said that the greatest trial which his men endured was their lack of tobacco. So great was their suffering, in fact, that they smoked *tea-leaves* and sometimes even *hemp rope*.

I was impressed in a very peculiar manner by this information. Here were men who had just returned from an experience in which only healthy mentalities could hope to pull through. There wasn't a mental babe in the whole expedition; that Antarctic journey was no trip for weaklings. Yet here were the strongest men suffering so acutely from want of tobacco that they smoked dried tea-leaves and shredded hemp rope.

I made a little mental picture of myself on such a trip and tried to imagine how I should have behaved.

And as I visualized the awful wastes of snow and ice over which those hardy men trudged, pulling their sledges, I felt that it would not take much of such an outlook to induce me to sink down behind some convenient ice hummock, close my eyes, curl up my toes, and mentally murmur: "Well, here goes."

I tried to imagine myself as being cut off from my beloved weed as Shackleton's men had been, and going on day after day with not even another decent-sized smell of my "necessary" tobacco remaining around my good old pipe and tobacco pouch. And with such realism did I visualize that picture that I felt that under such conditions I would feel like tying the bowl of my favourite pipe to my nose as I trudged over the snow—so that I could at least get a "whiff of old times" as I "mushed it" along.

Then I had a brilliant idea; one that was so brilliant, in fact, that it was extremely simple (as all really brilliant ideas are). I thought that I would like to analyse that tobacco craving. I therefore determined to go without smoking until a good husky specimen of tobacco craving put in an appearance, and then mentally to tear it to pieces just to see of what it was made.

I decided that I would not smoke another pipe of tobacco until I had felt the same sort of *tea-leaves and hemp-rope craving* that Shackleton's men underwent. I knew that I was in the clutches of that same sort of craving; and yet if I had been asked to describe this craving, I would only have been able to write some platitudinous nonsense.

I put away my pipe, and went on with my daily routine. I shall never forget that morning. Hungry for a smoke? Not at all. I suppose that I was so

keenly interested in watching for the appearance of that great craving spectre that I did not want to smoke in an actual way. My interest in the physical act of smoking had evidently become supplanted by an analytic attention.

Noon-time came, however, and with it—lunch. After which I felt sure that some signs of the tobacco desire would put in an appearance; and, although I could have smoked if I had wanted to, I had no *craving* to do so.

The evening meal-time came and passed, and then I was certain that the real test would come. For thirty years I had taken one smoke after the evening meal; just one, but that *one* lasted until bedtime. In other words, my one smoke meant one that was *continuous*.

I can see myself now in the little San Diego bungalow on that evening. As usual, my wife sat on one side of the table in the sitting-room, using up her share of the reading-lamp, while I did likewise on the other side.

I commenced to read the current magazine and to watch for that tobacco craving at the same time.

Bedtime came round, and I was sleepy; also somewhat surprised. I could have smoked, of course, but *there was no craving*. And so I went to bed—for the first time in thirty years, without having smoked since morning. It was very puzzling to me. I was not only somewhat mystified, but also a little disgusted.

Since the morning of April 2, 1918, I have not only never smoked, but have had *no desire to do so*.

Smoking does not now bother me at all. I don't dislike the smell of tobacco; in fact, if a brother chess-player happens to be a heavy smoker, he can blow his

smoke across to my side of the table as much as he likes.

I don't preach any "no smoking" sermons, for I don't care whether or not other people smoke—just as long as they smoke good tobacco (which I always did); and as long as they smoke from nice sweet, clean pipes (which my good wife most vehemently declares was not always the case with me).

It does not make any difference to me anyway; therefore why specialize in being a fanatic? I kept on waiting for that confounded craving until I got tired; and when I at last came to the conclusion that *there was no craving to be waited for*, I felt somewhat "cheap." I felt that something or other had *put one over on me*.

Once upon a time I lived in a city where the burglarizing fraternity was rather active for a while; and as I happened to have an Army pattern revolver in the house, I got into the habit of putting the thing under my pillow before retiring at night. Just why I did this I don't know. I also have some suspicions that my wife had some wonderments of her own in relation to the matter—judging by some rather personal remarks that she used to let fall at times. But, as I am simply narrating an occurrence, it is not necessary to do any soliloquizing.

One night (how well I remember it!) I heard a sort of walking noise out in the kitchen, with the result that I became so extremely wide-awake that I didn't think that I would ever want to go to sleep again for the rest of my life. I felt really energetic. At the same time, though, I kept very quiet; but it was of no use.

I knew that it would happen. My good wife nudged

me in the ribs with her elbow and whispered: "Did you hear that?"

Yes, I had heard it all right; and to this day I cannot help thinking that my wife's interrogation was particularly stupid.

I would not have minded the predicament so much if that great, long-barrelled revolver had not been reposing under my pillow. If it hadn't been for that I would have got up to meet the burglar readily, asked him not to make too much mess, and to let me down easily, so to speak. But here I was with an arsenal under my pillow; and I could already mentally hear sundry friends asking me whether my recent nocturnal visitor had ever returned that gun of mine, etc.

There was nothing else to do; so, sadly grabbing that big brute of a point three-eight in my hand, I journeyed kitchenwards and arrived at the door only too soon. There was someone in that kitchen all right, and he was not making much of a secret of the matter.

I thought it best to get the wretched experience over as quickly as possible, so I switched on the light, pushed back the door with my left hand and, pointing my cocked revolver straight ahead of my nose, entered the room. And over by the hot-water heater there was a poor little mouse which was prevented from getting back into its hole by a mouse-trap that was fastened to one of its hind legs.

I put the little beast out of its misery, let down the trigger of my weapon, and sadly moved back towards the bedroom, which I found lit up.

My wife afterwards told me that she switched the light on just after she saw me enter the kitchen. I

would have much preferred the darkness, however; but I had to have my cup filled to the brim.

My wife commenced to ask questions, and what I considered foolish questions at that; furthermore, she would not be put off. So, unable to parry her inquisitiveness any longer, I muttered the word "mouse"; and then the good lady giggled.

Now, I felt very cheap over that mouse incident; *but I did not feel any more so than I did over the tobacco affair.*

I hunted for burglars (or pretended to), with a big point three-eight on the cock; and found a little miserable, frightened mouse caught by its leg in a trap. I also hunted for a tobacco craving—and *found nothing at all*; not even a blessed "mouse" of a craving.

Even if that "craving" turned up now, I wouldn't have anything to do with it. If it can stay away for three years it can stay away for another thirty, for all that I am concerned. Personally, I am through with it.

In relation to this experience with my smoking habit a certain "psychologist" wrote to me as follows:

"I suggest that there has been for some time a growing scepticism as to the alleged *craving*, that this has developed in the unconscious an element of suggestion which has tended to neutralize any physical craving which might otherwise have been perceptible."

There was a lot more similar stuff, which convinced me that my correspondent might be quite capable of writing some very lengthy articles on the psychology of habit, and yet be wholly unaware of just what a habit actually is.

The craving for tobacco is *wholly mental*. Shackleton's men suffered great *mental discomfort* from the

lack of tobacco because they would persist in imagining the pleasures of smoking. They *smoked mentally, and naturally suffered mentally.*

When I put down my pipe on that April morning I did not relinquish the physical act of smoking and then proceed to take up a mental substitute for it. I did not put away my physical pipe and my physical tobacco, and then put some mental tobacco into a mental pipe, light that mental tobacco with a mental match and then proceed to take a mental smoke. If I had done any such foolish thing I should have suffered as much as Shackleton's men did—for about a couple of hours maybe; though not any longer than that, for I should have been sucking away at a very real physical pipe again by the end of that time.

I did not go about like some convicted sinner, miserably bemoaning my sad fate, imagining how nice it would be to be puffing away at my pipe, and casting up a sort of mental trial balance every few minutes by asking myself whether the game was worth the effort. If I had done so my abstinence might, with good luck, have lasted until about noon of the first day in my experiment.

I went "gunning" for that craving; and for several days I manifested a spirit of the keenest anticipation, for I expected to meet my enemy at any moment.

I didn't suggest anything. Furthermore, instead of running away from something, *I went to meet it.* I failed to meet anything, however, simply because *there was nothing to meet*; and, if a thing doesn't exist, it can't very well be met.

There are no physiological reactions whatever in the craving for tobacco. The so-called craving is wholly mental.

Of course, smoking may be to some extent a *pleasure*—just as the smelling of a rose is, for instance; but just because the smelling of flowers is pleasurable, it doesn't necessarily follow that if one were cut off for a long time from the perfume of flowers that any *agonized craving* would be experienced. In fact, if we encountered some individual weeping and wailing, away off on some lonesome desert, and he confided to us the information that he was simply being tortured to death just because he had no flowers to smell, we would try our best to get the poor unfortunate off into the shade and see what effect water-soaked bandages on his head would have on his mental outlook.

But this little personal experience is getting to be rather lengthy, and I did not start out to tell any story, but to illustrate something; hence I had better come to the point. My point is that *I solved my tobacco craving by analysis*. I made the assumed craving for tobacco the object of *the whole of my possible attention*.

I took my mind completely off any mental picture of smoking, and turned it wholly towards an attempt to see of what the assumed craving consisted. In Freudian terminology: *I pulled away my "libido," my "interest urge," from the act of smoking, and turned the full force of it on to determining in what the desire to smoke consisted.*

I substituted an analytic attitude for a reflective mood. In the one case the individual is either being influenced by something, or is accepting something at its face value; in the other case there is an inquiry as to the whys and wherefores.

In relation to my tobacco habit, on that particular morning, I changed over from the reflective or passive mood, to one of inquiring scrutiny, *i.e.*, to the *analytic*.

Please remember, however, that there was no manifestation of any special mental capacity in what I accomplished; not any of that much-vaunted and over-worked attribute known as "will power." Any person of ordinary intelligence could have done what I did, and have done so quite easily.

No such characteristics as those that are so vaguely associated with the term *strong will* are at all necessary in order to cure a habit. I did not require any more of a "strong will" to change over from the reflective mood to an analytic attitude in reference to the habit of smoking on that April morning than I should in order to change back again from the analytic to the reflective. It was purely a matter of *intellectual interest* on my part.

The fact that I did not change back again had nothing whatever to do with will-power. I simply refrained from doing this because I realized that, after I had seen of what the smoking craving actually consisted, it would have been stupid to have gone back to smoking again.

When I turned my whole attention to a scrutiny of the exact nature of the smoking craving, that particular mental object had to stand up on its merits, and be estimated solely on those features. Such points as expediency, cost, and physiological harm, etc., were wholly excluded. There was no beating about the bush, nor any wandering away from the point that was under consideration—viz., *of what does this craving consist?*

I went after that *craving*. I wanted to find out just what that overwhelming desire looked like. I was not going to be bothered about such side issues as the cost of smoking, its *hygienic* attributes, or its *harmfulness* or

lack of harmfulness in a physiological sense. All these might be interesting questions, but at that time they did not concern me. I wanted to look that much-advertised craving squarely in the face, and see of just what it was composed, of itself, in itself, and by itself. I wanted to size it up apart from its associations with hygienic considerations or physiological consequences, etc. I wanted to make it *stand alone* here in this inspection. I didn't want any "red herrings" dragged across this mental trail to obscure the points of interest.

When I did this, *nothing remained.* There was nothing to see, nothing to feel, and nothing to estimate. There *was* no craving.

For some considerable time still, after meals, my hand would move towards my right-hand coat pocket in a sort of automatic way; the way in which it had been accustomed to move for thirty years in search of a pipe. But when I turned my analytic attention to that tendency it seemed as if even that motor reflex action withered away also; anyway, after the first few days of this experience the last vestige of such mechanical tendencies disappeared.

Now, one cannot keep on expecting something that for ever fails to materialize; so after I had kept on looking in the direction of this craving for a little time, and with no response, I naturally came to the conclusion that no craving existed. I felt justified in assuming, therefore, that what had hitherto masqueraded as a "craving" was merely a *mental attitude.*

That is how I cured myself of the tobacco habit. I cured myself of this "craving" by *killing the roots of the habit by analysis.* My tobacco habit was simply a *custom*; just as much so, and no more than a following

of certain routine duties in a mechanical way eventually results in automatic actions. *Smoking, therefore, is merely a mental attitude associated with an automatic action.*

However, just because one becomes accustomed to doing a certain thing in a certain way at a certain time for thirty years (so that the action becomes automatic), there is no reason for dragging in the word *craving*. Even if you happened to walk by a certain route to your office, winter and summer, for thirty years, you would hardly say that you did this because of any *craving*.

We are all of us choked full of habits; in fact, our personalities are practically little else than bundles of habits. Some are good, and some are quite the opposite. If we can, therefore, get rid of the bad habits, and retain the good ones, we shall accomplish some great results.

In the further treatment of the material which was derived from the mental inventory (and in other directions which will be subsequently explained), the principles of *analysis* are going to be emphasized; hence the necessity for thoroughly understanding what it means.

In this description of a personal experience in my own life, I have given a very practical illustration of the application of this most important analytic attitude. The incident may be of somewhat exceptional occurrence, but that should make it all the easier to apprehend its exact mental complexion. Furthermore, if this experience of mine is to be considered exceptional, it is only because other people have not happened to try the analytic method which I have described.

To analyse a memory, an experience, a trait, a habit,

or a feeling, means to turn your attention to the mental object, and to consider that memory, experience, trait, habit, or feeling, *purely on its own merits*, and wholly extraneous to any contributing factors. It means a weighing, estimating, scrutinizing, and a judging of a thing by itself, detached from any surrounding influences. It means that, instead of accepting a condition without question, and at a worth that has been placed upon it by usage, one must *get inside it* and find out for one's self of just what it actually consists; and when this is done the individual is able to place a correct value upon it; a revised judgment in connection with something that had not hitherto had its real character challenged.

I smoked for thirty years because *I thought that I had a craving*; and I thought if I ceased smoking I should feel that craving so strongly that I should experience great discomfort. I had been accepting a condition without scrutiny or mental debate. I had been blindly following the influences of a custom. When I went behind the scenes of this habit, I saw for myself the true aspects of things; I was thereby able to revise my judgment of the whole set of particulars.

When, therefore, I ask you to take a certain idea and analyse it, just remember that I am not asking you to do something which is extremely technical, or which calls for some extraordinary gift or ability. All that you will have to do will be to turn your attention to that idea and *look at it by itself*. And you can look at a grain of wheat for a moment just as easily as you can look at a cornfield.

When analysing anything, just eliminate all side-issues, and simply look at the one little mental object

under consideration. Don't start trying to find out whence that object came, who made it, why it was made, what relationship it has to you, or stray away after any other contributing feature. Just look that one idea squarely in the eye and thereby ascertain its exact complexion. When you have found out of what the affair in question consists you will pretty soon be able to estimate its value to your personality.

I did not go hunting for incidentals in my analysis of the tobacco craving. I was not thinking how long I had smoked, where or when I commenced to smoke, what effect smoking had on my mind or my physiological functions, what pleasure it gave me, or anything else. I simply tried to find out *what the blessed craving itself was like*. I was not bothering about side-issues; I simply declined to be thus diverted from my point of interest. I wanted to see of just what the "innards" of that craving consisted, and refused to follow any side trails.

You see, there was no will-power about that sort of mental attitude. Why, I did not manifest any more *will-power* in that little analytic stunt of mine than a kiddie would do when he settles mother's kitchen clock once for all by taking the thing to pieces to see of what it is made. For just as little Willie, or Joe, or Eddie, may manifest a curiosity in trying to *nose into things*, so I nosed into that craving affair. There was no "will-power" necessary; in fact, it would have required considerable will-power to keep me from going into that little noseying expedition after I had once conceived the idea.

Instead of using the rather imposing technical expression *analysis*, you can use the term *prying in* if you

want to; it means the same thing anyway. If it will help matters to go even a little further in colloquial expressiveness and call it *being noseey*, so much the better. For that matter, that is what analysis actually means, a being *noseey*. It means the taking of one single thing at a time and seeing of just what it is made.

CHAPTER XIV

FALSE TROUBLES

I BELIEVE that it was Mark Twain who said something to the effect that he had gone through many troubles in his life, a mighty lot of them; though as a matter of fact not many of them had really happened.

It was a very expressive way on the part of the celebrated philosopher of saying that most of his troubles had been imaginary; and it is a foregone conclusion that Mr. Clemens was never bothered very seriously with unconscious conflicts.

Unconscious conflicts arise from *repressions*; and to repress means a running away from trouble instead of *having it out*.

There was very little from which Mark Twain ever ran away. He was a born analyst. He could look a mental ghost in the face and stare at it until it blushed. There would be little left of any ghosts of past memories when Mark Twain got through with them. They would not only have disappeared, but in doing so would extend the most abject apologies for ever having intruded.

Mark Twain never took anything for granted—not even things which many people would consider most serious trouble. Under the weight of what most people would call serious trouble, Mr. Clemens ought to have died about twenty-five years earlier than when he did; in fact, it was reported on one occasion that his demise had actually occurred. Instead of this genial

soul taking this report seriously, however, he got up as usual on the morning of his "death," sent a brief telegram to a news agency intimating that the report of his having "passed on" was grossly exaggerated, and then went on with his usual routine.

We can't all be humorous philosophers, but we can all be plain everyday ones. We can't all be witty, but we can all have common sense. A little plain philosophy and common sense is all that is required in order to apply the analytic method to the breaking up of unconscious mental conflicts, and thereby to release the energy thus wasted and to make it available for conscious application. The difference between Mark Twain's treatment of a trouble and that of a neurotic person is that, whereas that gentleman's custom was to do his level best to make a joke out of the affair, the neurotic person likes to sit in a mental morgue and gaze upon the gruesome relics that recline upon the mortuary slabs.

If we can say with Mark Twain, however, that most of our troubles have never happened, there will still be a few memories left that will be hard to treat thus lightly. But our troubles and difficulties haven't all come together, anyway; and oftentimes they are spread well apart. So much so, in fact, that we have quite a little time in which to catch our breath between the experiences—if we only know how to do so.

Many sufferers from unpleasant experiences sit down by their mental ghosts as if fascinated; and oftentimes with such persistence that other troubles eventually come along and add their burdens to those already existing. Now, one trouble at a time is generally enough for the average individual; and if a

person will persist in hanging on to old troubles and at the same time permit new ones to pile up, then it will not be very long before he will be weighted down with a vengeance.

Some people love to accumulate junk. I know a good lady who has lived in the same house ever since she was married long years ago, out of which habitation no object ever emerges—not even an empty medicine bottle or a broken umbrella-stick. In this attitude no principles of utility are involved; the good lady simply wants to hang on to anything and everything that comes within her little sphere of influence, and she makes an exceedingly great success of it—even down to her troubles. The person who is always bowed down with trouble is like this junk-collecting acquaintance of mine. No matter what unpleasant experience is encountered, it is piled on top of the rest, accepted as an inevitable burden, and the journey of life resumed with a little added groaning. Everything is held on to and nothing is ever let go. Even the “medicine bottles” and “broken umbrella-sticks” of little petty troubles are clutched and hoarded.

The capacity to withstand trouble is properly measurable by the faculty that exists for throwing it off. It is not the amount that can be sustained, but that which can be successfully disposed of. As soon as a person specializes in a capacity to *carry* troubles, the end is in sight. No one has yet been able to make much of a showing in that sort of speciality. It is like trying to carry unbaled hay in a suit-case. The manufacturer of a good rain-coat does not advertise the amount of moisture that his coat will *absorb*, but how beautifully the garment will *shed* the rain.

Go back now to that mental inventory of yours and see how much "trouble moisture" you have been carrying about unnecessarily in your unconscious for many years; then commence to *shed this moisture* by readjusting your mental attitude. Refer now to the various memories, sensations, and tendencies that you acknowledged to yourself in your purging treatment. Do to each one of these old disagreeable memories and sensations just as I did to that smoking "craving." Don't bother about the circumstances that surrounded those experiences at the time that they occurred.

Simply look at each memory as it stands *now*. Look upon it from the standpoint of judging its influence upon you *now*. Judge it and weigh it apart from everything else, and consider it solely on its own merits.

I want you to look upon that supposedly painful memory, and upon no contributing element. I want you to weigh and estimate it wholly on its *own particular merits*, and not in relation to something that may have transpired ten, twenty, or maybe fifty years ago. When you allow your mind to travel backwards, to the time of some painful occurrence, you are *absorbing moisture*; and it is not absorption of moisture that is desired, but *its shedding*.

After you have looked over those old memories and sensations which you uttered aloud in the purging treatment, you will find that they are mostly "old medicine bottles" and "broken umbrella-sticks"—mental junk. You will find that most of them have neither value nor significance—except the significance of a wrong mental attitude.

Have a good house-cleaning for once and throw out all your psychical junk; and, when you have taken your mental gaze off the deadening past, and have brought it to the pulsating interests of the present, you will find there is nothing left of those old troubles. You have permitted yourself to develop a wrong mental attitude towards them, and have, in consequence, become *introversive*. Instead of *the urge of life* being directed towards the exterior world, and focused upon the trail that leads ahead, it has *introverted*, *turned itself inwardly*. Instead of the interest of life lying in the effort of further attainments, it surveys the past in morbid abandon.

If you happened to visit Bunker Hill Monument on some occasion, and found a poor old man lying down on the steps convulsed with sobs, you would naturally want to know what was on his mind. And if, in answer to your inquiry, the old man turned his grief-stricken face towards you and, between sobs, gurgled out the information that some great forebear of his was killed in the memorable fight for freedom on June 17, 1775, would you fall on the poor gentleman's neck and start sobbing also, or would you take him to the nearest police station?

The person who is persistently bowed down with troubles and grievances is not dissimilar to this hypothetical mourner. Metaphorically speaking, such a person is perpetually weeping over things past and gone.

When you start analysing your troubles, you will invariably find that many of them exist because the mind gravitates towards the past instead of being focused on the possibilities of the future; and that is

a mental attitude that leads straight into the cloud-banks. Under such conditions the mind is engaged in living over and over again past experiences, with the result that it also lives over again the emotional sensations that are connected with those past experiences.

Now, we know that certain experiences are extremely painful; so painful, in fact, that even the normally healthy personality can be *shaken*—upheaved, as it were. But the normal healthy personality accomplishes its adjustment within a reasonable period, and consequently it is soon able to direct the mental attitude along desirable lines again.

In the other case, however, the individual is continually reconstructing painful memories of the past, and, consequently, the fierce emotional storms which relate to that past. To undergo the emotional stress of a painful experience is bad enough; but to persist in deliberately stimulating such stresses into persistent activity is simply *deadly*.

The interest of life consists in mental expansion; to reach out, to strive to attain, to struggle for betterment. And in such efforts the individual must persist, or else there will be a courting of mental stagnation.

The person who dies from a "broken heart" is one who, having ceased in this forward struggle, falls back upon himself in moody reflection. Instead of using his available energy in a progressive effort, he dissipates it by deliberately generating a persistent turmoil in his inward soul. The person who has ceased to struggle forward is already mentally dead. Such an individual is not in reality killed by trouble; he has simply committed suicide.

CHAPTER XV

KNOW THYSELF

ONCE upon a time I read a little pamphlet that treated of human conduct, and I noted that the writer used the words *nosce te ipsum* as a sort of farewell expression; and although there was something rather familiar about the words, I had to hunt them up in my dictionary before I knew for a certainty they meant *know thyself*.

Some time afterwards I wrote to the author of the pamphlet in question and suggested that a somewhat different meaning could be put on the words than the one that he had intimated; I tried, in fact, to talk psycho-analysis to him. I got what I was looking for, viz., a most righteous "lambasting."

Now, I have never deceived myself into thinking that a really high-class halo would set off my countenance to good effect; in fact, I don't think that I would care to wear such an adornment even if someone offered me a good, second-hand one really cheap; but I will frankly say that I hardly thought that I was such an altogether irredeemable wretch until I received that worthy gentleman's letter—and he seemed such a meek and mild clergyman!

I confess I was a little upset for a while—five minutes or so; though I believe that I was more mystified than anything else.

I looked at that *nosce te ipsum* affair once more, and

again referred to my dictionary; but I could find nothing wrong. There was *nosce te ipsum* and *know thyself*. It all seemed plain enough. Yet when I went out of my way to show that worthy gentleman just how he could, perhaps, get to know himself a trifle better by doing something that I suggested, than by doing something for which he seemed to have a sort of fondness, he got quite cross.

After a while a little light dawned on my understanding. It was somewhat dim at first; still, it was something. I thought that, perhaps, this good gentleman might be right after all, and that I, as usual, was wrong. You see, he used the words *nosce te ipsum*—*know thyself*, and that would mean the *other* fellow, of course. He did not want to “nossy” *himself*, but wanted other people to “nossy” *themselves*.

No wonder the poor chap got annoyed when I started to “nossy” him, and that he lost no time in intimating to me that he was not to be “nossied.” If there was any “nossying” to be done my worthy friend wanted to do it himself.

It will be seen that there was a great difference in the respective mental attitudes of this clergyman and myself. He specialized in “nossying” other people; whereas the basic principle of the analytic method is to “nossy” *one’s self*.

I want you now to go back to that word-dream that you wrote down when you took your mental inventory and “nossy” it, and the more you succeed in doing so, the better you will know yourself. You will certainly begin to know yourself.

Take that word-dream; split it up so that its various elements stand apart, and then apply the free

association method to each and every one of them. When you do this you will find that all such ideas (no matter how seemingly foolish, disconnected, bizarre, or incomprehensible they may be) *have a significance to your personality*.

When the free association method is applied to those word-dream elements they will be found to lead down to memories that probably lie deeper than those which occurred to you during the mental purging treatment, and which have been too strongly repressed to permit of any *direct expression*; but when you have thrown off the conscious restraint in the oral exercise, and have given latitude to the flow of ideas in the word-dream, *the underlying ideas will become expressed in effigy*. In other words: they will appear in the consciousness in a disguised form, just as that which transpires in a nocturnal dream-drama.

The ideas which sprang out of your mind during that word-dream exercise came from thoughts that were, at that very moment, *strongly agitating the unconscious*; and if the free association method is resourcefully used, the line of connection between those ideas in the word-dream and their sources in the unconscious can be linked up. The ideas in that word-dream are *mental sign-posts*; *sign-posts that point in the direction of mental conflicts*. Every idea in that word-dream will have a significant meaning for you; and if you can only interpret this meaning so that you can apprehend the unconscious influences that lie behind it, your personality will experience great benefit.

In an analytic sense, to know one's self means to be able to *interpret the conscious conduct in terms of the underlying unconscious motives*. One does not get very

far if efforts at analysis are confined to the exterior disposition; the conscious conduct speaks for itself, and in a manner that is often too expressive.

In order to know one's self it is necessary to apprehend the unconscious motivating influences that lie behind the conscious behaviour; anything short of that is merely a travesty on the spirit of *know thyself*. The average person is far too much inclined to worship an aphorism instead of practically applying its significance.

The cardinal principle of the analytic method is to view every form of conscious attitude and behaviour with suspicion—even those aspects of conduct which are apparently unselfish; for, in reality, *there are no unselfish actions. The interests, inclinations, and strivings of the ego lurk behind every form of human behaviour.*

Most of the actions constituting the conscious conduct have their unconscious motivating factors so camouflaged as to mislead the non-technical observer; but, when one tries to apply that *know thyself* principle *in spirit and in truth*, irrespective of how much it hurts, or where the quest leads, the factor of selfishness on the part of the ego will be found nestling around the roots of all forms of unconscious motivation.

When free associations bring you from the ideas of the word-dream up against some hitherto repressed memory, *give oral expression to them; talk to yourself again.*

Don't let your mental gaze turn away in disgust at seeing something you had not anticipated, but drag the old painful memories into the broad glare of conscious apprehension, and anchor them to the consciousness by means of definitely articulated vocal sounds, by *words*. Transform those hitherto repressed

ideas into sound vibrations so *that your own ears can hear them*.

Remember: *know thyself* ought to be something more than a "high-falutin" catch-phrase; it must be endowed with a high practical import. For until we know ourselves we cannot hope to know anyone else, or anything else—as far as human personality is concerned; and that is what I bluntly told that parson.

When you have linked up all those seemingly strange, disjointed, bizarre, and meaningless ideas in your word-dream with their sources in the unconscious, you will have applied the *know thyself* principle in a very practical manner. You will have uncovered to your conscious gaze some of the foundations of your temperamental trends and will have revealed to your understanding some of the motivating influences of your forms of behaviour. An adjustment of these reactions to meet the requirements of social responsibilities, therefore, becomes correspondingly available to you.

CHAPTER XVI

"LISTENING IN" ON THE UNCONSCIOUS

IN this chapter I want to teach you how to *listen in*. This is not always a very commendable indulgence. Not that the act of listening is necessarily undesirable. It all depends upon what we listen to and where we do the listening. In itself, listening is one of the most desirable arts of civilization, and is not by any means such a common accomplishment as one might unthinkingly conclude.

Have you ever "psychologized" a party of people grouped together in a sort of round-table argument? If not, take advantage of the next opportunity which you may have of doing this. You will find much upon which to reflect from such an observation. You will find, for instance, that the person to whose ideas it would be the most instructive to listen will have the least to say; while those who do most of the talking are those whose opinions are least valuable.

To listen is an art; to talk is often a disease. The inveterate talker does not talk to instruct, but merely to satisfy an unconscious inclination; he is really talking to himself.

No one should make a practice of talking without thinking, and thinking is hard work. It takes time and effort to sort out ideas worth offering to other people for reflection.

Listening to other minds is an art; but the desire

and ability to listen to one's own *unconscious mind* should be a religion. There are various means whereby we can listen to our unconscious minds, and in the present chapter we will treat that which is offered in dream phenomena.

Some people say that they don't dream, or that they dream very rarely. That doesn't mean, however, that their unconscious minds are any less active than those of other people. It simply means that they have not been able to apprehend what is going on in their unconscious mental depths.

Dreaming and unconscious mental activity are not synonymous terms by any means. To dream simply implies an ability (in flash-like patches) to be conscious of unconscious mental activity. A dream is a break in the clouds that veil the functioning of the unconscious mind from conscious recognition, and it is these cloud-breaks which give the consciousness fleeting glances of what is going on behind the scenes.

These cloud-breaks may be long or short, frequent or infrequent, according to predisposing conditions; and if a person does not dream, the reason is that the veil which hides the unconscious mental life has not been drawn aside; consequently there is no opportunity for the consciousness to obtain a glimpse of that which is transpiring behind the scenes.

Millions of people have lived and died without having had many vivid dream experiences; yet everyone can have a dream if so desired.

Up to comparatively recently, however, no one has thought enough about dreams to wish either to dream or not to do so. The average person has gone about his usual business without giving the subject any serious

thought, and if he has considered the phenomena of dreaming to any extent whatever, it has only been to look upon such experiences as meaningless mental vagaries: a form of psychical joke. Of course, if a dream happens to be of the anxiety sort (nightmare) the joke is not appreciated.

Anyone and everyone can have a dream every night if desired, and not only have the dream, but have it at any hour he decides. In fact, the time can be regulated to the minute if so wished. I don't mean any sort of dream, but an actual lifting of the veil that ordinarily divides the conscious from the unconscious mental life.

When you go to bed to-night, set the alarm for some unearthly hour; and if you are the possessor of a clock which can have its alarm set to the minute, then you can choose any minute of the night as the exact time of your dream. As soon as the clock awakens you, reach over and silence it as quickly and as mechanically as possible; *but keep the mind somewhere else*. When that alarm started you were asleep, *i.e.*, in a state of *unconsciousness*. There was no veil concealing the unconscious, for there *was nothing to be veiled*; there was no eavesdropping consciousness to be guarded against.

A race for advantage now took place between the conscious and the unconscious. Two conditions were in process of being accomplished. In the first place, the auditory stimuli of the alarm clock brought the consciousness back into activity; and as that occurred the curtain over the unconscious mental activity became closed.

All dreams result from a lack of synchronization in

these two actions. If consciousness becomes established more quickly than the curtain over the unconscious mental life becomes closed, the consciousness is able to get a peep behind the unconscious scenes. *That peep behind the scenes is a dream.* Generally such "peeps" are very fleeting, though sometimes they are sufficiently long to enable an appreciable amount of the unconscious mental drama to be viewed.

When that alarm goes off, therefore, silence it immediately, and bring the first powers of the conscious intelligence to bear on *what is in your mind at that awakening moment.*

When you awaken, some form of thoughts are coming into the consciousness. (It is this intellectual apprehension of thoughts that actually constitutes consciousness.) If, therefore, the first few seconds of the awakening consciousness are not utilized for deliberately formulating conscious thoughts, the mind will be occupied by unconscious thoughts, i.e., *dreams.*

At the awakening moment the consciousness will not be filled with thoughts about yesterday's experiences, nor be concerned with the responsibilities of the newly-opening day. It will not be sufficiently awake to be so aggressively active. It will be filled, in fact, with that which has entered it before the curtain of the unconscious could become wholly drawn; *and those thoughts will be the actual thoughts with which your great unconscious mind was occupied at the moment you awakened.*

Unconscious mental activity never ceases, day nor night, from cradle to grave. It is an attribute of life itself; when it ceases, life ceases. What we know as *dreams* are conscious glimpses of this activity. The

person who doesn't dream is therefore simply a person in whom the act of awakening and of the closing of the curtain over the unconscious mental activity take place simultaneously.

All that the non-dreamer has to do in order to dream like other people is to awaken more quickly, and to turn the first awakened moments to an apprehension of *what is already in the mind*, and not to struggle to fill it with any deliberately formulated thoughts.

The alarm-clock experiment is not necessary in order to have a dream; everyone can have this experience at the usual waking-up time if desired. All that is required is to *wake up quickly*, and then turn the attention to apprehending what is in the consciousness at that moment. Under such conditions something will always be found in the mind; and as this "something" has not come through the ordinary sense and reasoning processes, it must necessarily have *come up from below*; hence the dream.

The alarm-clock experiment is simply a demonstration that the great unconscious is always at work, and that a glimpse of this activity can always be had by utilizing a little resourcefulness.

You can *listen in* on that great unconscious at any desired hour of the night. To do this, only two requirements have to be conformed with, viz., to be asleep in the first place, then to awaken quickly and to *apprehend what is in the mind before you consciously put anything into it*.

Very little training is necessary in order to turn a non-dreamer into an habitual dreamer. Dreaming can be cultivated as a habit—if one wants to do so.

It should be understood that the character of the unconscious mental activity is of the greatest significance to the personality, and in order to secure an adjustment in that trend of submerged mental life it is first necessary to have an opportunity to observe its exact nature.

To readjust the unconscious mental life implies a re-education process, the first step to which is to view the mental phenomena under suitable conditions, and thereby to find out what the unconscious mind is doing and how it is *feeling*.

Every dream experience is an opportunity to obtain such insights into the unconscious activities; hence the great importance of understanding such manifestations.

It is possible, of course, that the unconscious has been experiencing during the night many emotional conditions that are different from those which exist at the time when the consciousness has an opportunity to get a view of it; nevertheless, that which is engaging the interest of the submerged mechanism at the moment of awakening is always of importance. There are some good grounds for assuming, however, that during the hours when the consciousness is in abeyance the unconscious is mostly active over something or other that has pronouncedly affected it the day before, *i.e.*, on the *yesterday*.

An ounce of demonstration is worth untold tons of pure theorizing, and if anyone wants to prove for himself whether, during sleep conditions, the unconscious mind is motivating in response to some experience of the previous day, it can readily be done. All that is necessary is to *listen in* on the unconscious activities in the way that I have outlined; to get a sufficient view

to obtain the necessary dream material, and then to compare the elements of this dream material with the experiences of the preceding day; the proof will then stand revealed.

As explained in the chapter on "Unconscious Handicaps," the great unconscious mechanism is for ever reacting to stimuli; and, although these reactions are at times so pronounced that their character is quite clear, yet in innumerable instances there is no conscious recognition of what has occurred. If the legs tremble, or the cheeks blanch with fright, or we shrink with fear from some visible danger, the unconscious reaction is so pronounced and direct that the true causes are obvious. In most instances, however, the consciousness is totally ignorant of any unduly pronounced unconscious registrations, although the conscious conduct may be very materially influenced by such registrations.

It may be a strange principle to realize, but it is nevertheless only too true that, of the many experiences which we undergo during the day those which influence us most do so without being consciously apprehended. Paradoxical as it may at first appear, it is very often necessary to go to sleep in order to find out what has affected us most strongly during the time that we have been awake.

Our dreams are seldom generated by anything which has caused us most recent conscious concern, however, but *usually revolve around something or other that we have tried to repress.*

Even during times of stress, when the personality is being beaten from pillar to post by business or domestic troubles, dreams do not, as a rule, pertain to

the leading characteristics of such experiences, but are connected with some feature of the previous day's happenings which has not influenced us at all *consciously*. The stimulating influences of the dream are seldom consciously recognized at the time of occurrence; they become revealed by analysis only after the dream has taken place.

When you catch your unconscious napping, so to speak, and *listen in* by means of dream phenomena, you will find by subsequent analysis that it has been actively engaged in *living over some old buried-alive memory*. Something or other in the previous day's experience (unknown to the consciousness) has touched off some repressed unconscious mental material, with the result that certain old memories have been stimulated into activities that are just as fresh and just as insistent as they were when first repressed in the long ago.

Every fleeting observation of the unconscious functioning will reveal mental activity over something or other towards which we have denied—or tried to deny—any conscious recognition.

No matter how often we may *listen in* on the unconscious, we shall always find that it is coursing around some form of thoughts that we have sought to drive out from the consciousness instead of *sublimating them*. Troubles which we refuse to face and adjust in the consciousness are fought out in the unconscious; and oftentimes with disastrous effects. To know ourselves, therefore, *we must know our unconscious minds*.

Similarly as a change in climate often has the effect of intensifying some old physical weakness, changes in psychical influences are for ever affecting *the old wounds of the ego*.

Just as surely as a glimpse into the unconscious reveals modes of disguise in the dramatized ideas thereby disclosed, it may be taken for granted that the latent thoughts behind the exposed disguises are *painful to the personality*. A disguise in the dramatization of unconscious ideas always indicates the activity of repressed, unsublimated memories. Hence, where there is disguise in the dream-drama there is a conflict existing; and where a conflict exists there is a loss of energy.

Repressions, conflicts, disguises, and loss of energy always go together. Where the one is, the other three features of mental phenomena are always to be found.

The only "good" dreams are those that are wholly undisguised; that is a cardinal rule of dream analysis. And, alas! few are the dreams of adult life that are entirely devoid of all disguise.

Disguise in the dream-drama is a resource of the unconscious to conceal its transgressing tendencies and desires; and the greatest transgressors in such respects are often those who would impress us with their ultra-psychical respectability.

After a little practice anyone can accustom himself to *listening in* on the unconscious when awakening, with the result that he will be in conscious possession of some index factor relating to his unconscious mental life. It is not necessary to have a long dream. One of the dreams that yielded up to my conscious apprehension some extremely fruitful unconscious data could not have consumed more than a comparatively small fraction of a second; it was, in fact, merely a *flash*. In this instance I lay down after lunch one day for just the briefest nap before returning to my office. My nap could be best described as merely losing

consciousness for a moment. If I had been steering a car midst crowded traffic I should hardly have endangered myself or anyone else by this little "cat nap"; yet the record of an analysis of that dream occupied two hours of typewriting.

The dream in question took me from present-day Southern California to a mountain scene in Montana twenty years ago; and after flitting here and there, under varying conditions, my mind harked back to an experience of very early childhood, and released a memory that had been completely submerged from my consciousness for about *forty-five years*.

The importance of dream analysis may be apprehended when it is realized that one brief dream element may, on analysis, remove the cause of a lifetime's unconscious conflict.

In analysing dreams, always remember that there are two directions of interest, viz., the nature of the memory in the unconscious that has been stirred up, and the stimulating factor of the dream in the previous day's experience. In other words, *the stirring-up influence* (preceding day), and the ideas that have become stirred up—*old repressed weaknesses, fears, or desires*. The object of analysis is to connect these two factors, and then to apply the lesson by adjusting the personality accordingly.

Instead of being a drudgery, dream analysis becomes an interesting effort. With a realization that this practice gives him a lever whereby he can remould, reconstruct, and readjust the underlying foundations of his personality, the student in self-analysis should require little "flogging" in order to induce him to apply the principles.

As progress is made in these analytic efforts the results become apparent in the general disposition and conscious mental attitude. And then, as *listening in* becomes an established custom, "butting in" becomes more and more of a cured disease.

That vast unconscious of ours is always trying to talk to us, and, if we will not listen to it, it will talk *through us*, and use our words (both written and spoken), and our actions, in order to *express itself*.

If we decline to listen in on the unconscious it will vehemently "butt in" on our conscious conduct. That is what it has been doing all through life, although we may not have known it; and the chief reason for our not having recognized this fact is because we have been too busy trying to dig up excuses for the manifold false steps we have taken, and for the many "hard luck" experiences we have had.

The unconscious is continually signalling to the conscious to cease wasting energy in senseless conflicts, so that it can be available to meet environmental requirements. We oftentimes fail to apprehend these unconscious admonitions, however, and with consequent grievous effects.

This great submerged mechanism has wonderful potentials and is capable of exerting tremendous power; but the first thing that the individual has to do in order to make this power available for conscious utilization is to understand its mechanism. The belly of a hungry elephant cannot be satisfied on a diet of aphorisms; neither can a motor-car be run on platitudes. If the brute strength of the big beast in question is to be intelligently requisitioned, the animal has to be fed and cared for; and if a car is expected to climb a

stiff grade on "high," it must have *petrol*, and its mechanism must be understood.

The Sermon on the Mount is one of the most inspiring of messages; but it won't prevent a so-called nervous breakdown if the individual persistently abuses the laws of mental phenomena. For that matter, some of the most lovable of personalities have become the most pathetic of wrecks on the rocks and shoals of the unconscious dangers that have been herein described.

Dreams are the flashes of lighthouse beacons that chart the currents of unconscious mental activity; and those who have learned to identify the respective signals, and to adjust their mental courses accordingly, will have accomplished the greatest responsibility of life.

CHAPTER XVII

VERNACULAR OF THE UNCONSCIOUS

HOW do you think that you would be able to get along in a strange country, if you did not know one word of the language, and if no one else knew a word of your own?

Under such circumstances, how do you think that you would manage to explain to the natives the ideas which you had in your mind, or be able to apprehend the ideas that they had in theirs? To some extent you could make yourself understood by making signs, and could interpret some of the signs of the natives.

That would be all very well where only simple wants were involved, but not in other respects. If you wanted to eat, or to have a wound attended to, simple signs would be sufficient to convey your requirements to the natives; but supposing that you wanted to exchange ideas on some abstract subject such as economics—or, for example, psycho-analysis—what sort of success do you think to attain by sign talk?

Very little reflection will show that under such circumstances you would be severely handicapped.

Now try to imagine that you have decided to utilize a very pronounced ability for turning your thoughts into pictures, so that you can thereby develop a sort of *picture-talk*, and you will at once find quite a

considerable broadening of opportunity for expressing your ideas. Nevertheless, no matter how good and resourceful you might happen to be, you would still encounter serious obstacles to expressing yourself; there would still be the abstract ideas to be reckoned with. You would need to be an extremely good artist indeed to be able to transform into pictorial language a series of complex ideas such as, for example, your religious beliefs, political persuasions, the high cost of living, or cost of high living!

Yet this is the only means available to the unconscious for expressing itself to your consciousness. *It pictorializes its ideas for the consciousness to read.* If you ask why this is the case, I can only answer by asking, in return: In what other possible way except pictorially *could* the unconscious express itself?

You wouldn't like to think that you have a host of mental mannikins in your unconscious, running hither and thither, hunting for this, that, or the other stored memory or idea; hanging one up as a sort of bulletin for you to read, pulling one down, and almost instantly sticking up another, and so on, would you?

On the other hand, you would not like to hear your unconscious ideas spoken out in actual auditory expressions: to have a sort of sentient intelligence down in your unconscious bellowing up its wishes, fears, admonitions, and reproaches through a speaking-tube. Under some unfortunate and abnormal conditions, however, something of this nature actually takes place—that is, ideas from the unconscious become expressed in audible form. Where this phenomenon is pronounced and persistent, extremely undesirable psychopathic symptoms are in evidence.

Even in ordinary dreams audible expressions are sometimes experienced; but in comparison with visualized ones they are rare.

There is no separate intelligence down in your unconscious mental depths. Intelligence, such as we generally understand by the term, pertains wholly to the consciousness. In dreams we are able to *see our ideas*: i.e., the unconscious ideas become transformed into visible images.

When, in addition to all of this, our unconscious artist makes a composite mental picture by blending one set of ideas with some other set (condensation); and then dissembles by placing the beard of some memory picture on to the face of some other memory picture (displacement), and resorts to a thousand and one other forms of psychical subterfuge, no wonder that the dreamer is mystified as to the exact meaning of his dream-phenomena.

There is yet another principle governing the vernacular of the unconscious that must be apprehended if we are to decode to any liberal extent the meaning of dreams, viz., that of *figurative expressions or symbolism*.

In the first place, when you attempt to decode the pictorialized ideas of the unconscious you must not expect to encounter the sedate, pedantic, and conventional, unless you have yourself always thought in sedate, pedantic, and conventional channels. You must expect to encounter the slangy and the refined, the vulgar and the cultured, the flippant and the serious: even as we ourselves have at times been slangy or refined, vulgar or cultured, flippant or serious in our past mental indulgences. Consequently, all

such possible aspects of expressions on the part of the unconscious must be similarly anticipated.

On top of all of which there must be an apprehension of a general tendency of the unconscious ideas to become expressed figuratively; and one of the most fruitful possibilities for deciphering the dream messages of the unconscious lies in a resourcefulness in apprehending the many combinations that may be utilized in this respect.

In our everyday language we are continually resorting to figurative expressions in order to exchange ideas; and this being the case we must expect to encounter a similar licence when we study the vernacular of the unconscious.

In ordinary daily intercourse we speak, for example, of the finger of scorn, the hand of time, the jaws of death, the lap of luxury, the womb of nature, the bowels of the earth, the bosom of the ocean, a neck of land, a body of water, an arm of the sea, the brow of a hill, the face of a cliff, the foot of a mountain, the head of a house, the head or tail of a procession, etc.

We speak of strength of character, breadth of mind, depth of affection, the height of folly, and flights of fancy.

We scent trouble, run away from it, go to meet it, court it, make it, look for it, and sometimes find a sea of it.

We speak of bowing to the inevitable, bracing ourselves for a blow, taking some things lying down, screwing up our courage, treading on each other's toes, of refusing to bend the knee, and sometimes of backing down.

We talk of a dark outlook, a bright prospect, a

blinding storm, a biting wind, a stormy time, a peaceful outlook, a burning question, a dead issue, a dry fact, a brilliant idea, a striking thought, and of being either a howling success or a dismal failure. Sometimes we even walk on air.

We speak of the milk of kindness, the bitterness of hate, the light of life, the shafts of criticism, biting sarcasm, and the healing process of time.

We make the waves murmur, the sea moan, the wind howl, and sometimes have a pleasant prospect beckoning.

We air our grievances, wash our dirty linen in public, wash our hands of something or other, are dragged through the mud, and sometimes enjoy the fruits of victory.

Time is money, we kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, there is a day of reckoning, the birds come home to roost, and we have to shut up shop, and so on and so forth.

Practically speaking, every feature and function of the human body has some figurative association in our ideas; we also pictorialize many of the characteristics of the conditions, influences, and environment with which we are brought into contact. In his resourcefulness man has managed pretty well to reduce anything and everything to symbolical expression. Therefore when you analyse dream-dramas remember that *as the consciousness is, so also is the unconscious*.

When we arrive at the solution of a dream, we find that it is never funny; and when we have solved a number of dreams we begin to understand why this is so. Nevertheless, it does not require much imagination to see the illimitable possibilities for *seemingly*

funny dream-dramas. Try, for example, to pictorialize the ideas of being *puffed up*, *buried in thought*, or carried away by *emotion*, and try to make such ideas apprehendable to some other mind by means of a satirical drawing.

Or again: imagine yourself trying, by this same pictorial effort, to convey the idea of some one *bowing to the inevitable*, or *screwing up his courage*. Only a slight amount of mental pictorialization is necessary to see that the effect would be a complete "scream."

There is no reason in the unconscious. Everything is taken literally. There is neither intentional humour, logic, nor philosophy in that great unconscious. Its expressions and tendencies are all mechanical.

Now, it must not be forgotten that *the royal road to dream analysis is by means of the free association of ideas; in the ultimate, this method is infallible*. At the same time, however, a realization of the resourcefulness that is possible in dramatizing an idea must be kept well in mind, for it will help the student considerably in solving dream problems.

Let us imagine, for instance, that you have a servant who does not understand a word of English, and of whose native language you are equally ignorant. Suppose now that the servant has discovered that the roof is leaking badly in a room in another part of the house and that she wants to make you understand what has happened. That servant could have touched you on the arm, and have beckoned you to follow her. And it wouldn't take much intelligence on your part to know what that beckoning meant. If you then cast aside all further efforts to understand the dumb language of the servant, and simply followed

her to the room where the trouble existed, one glance would be sufficient to show you what was wrong, and what the ideas were which she had desired to convey to you.

Well, in applying the free association method, *you are following the beckoning of the servant*; and if *you will simply follow without hesitation*, you will find out what was the significance of her dumb-show.

This dumb-show analogy will serve to illustrate the principles of the free association method. If you cannot understand the dumb-show talk of the dream, and thereby fathom the meaning that lies behind the displacements and condensations, etc., and apprehend the figurative symbolisms that are utilized, then you must follow the beckoning finger of the "free-association servant." If you will only do this you will find out what is really meant.

If you can learn to read this unconscious language it will save you a lot of trouble; but *if you cannot read, you can walk*. And that is of what the free association method practically consists. It enables you to walk the trail of connections that exist between the dream-drama elements and their motivating streams of ideas which exist down in the submerged depths of the unconscious mind.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DISTURBING DREAMS

IF you indulge in a hearty meal of indigestible food just before going to bed, your sleep will probably be disturbed by unpleasant dreams; you may, in fact, have a pronounced nightmare. In such an experience the indigestible meal will very likely be blamed for the disquieting dreams; nevertheless the digestive disturbance will be no more responsible than the state of the weather for actually causing the dreams.

A cold in the head results from a development into aggressive activity of forms of germ life in certain areas of membranes; but a lowering of the bodily temperature by means of wet clothing or a draught, etc., does not *create* the germs. Under such circumstances the germs were already present, and simply took advantage of a fitting opportunity to multiply and to break forth into aggressive activity.

A somewhat analogous condition exists in relation to indigestion and disturbing dreams. The digestive disturbance does not *cause* the dreams, but simply helps to produce a condition whereby unconscious phenomena can be apprehended by the consciousness. It produces the necessary physiological conditions whereby certain phases of disturbed unconscious mental influences can intrude with more than usual insistence upon the consciousness.

Under these conditions, instead of being persistent and comparatively unbroken, the state of complete mental unconsciousness becomes intermittent. The result is that a profusion of mental twilight patches is in evidence. The usually existing sharp line of demarcation between the sleeping and waking conditions is more or less dissolved, and there consequently comes into play a more than ordinary degree of blending between the conscious and unconscious mental states.

Indigestion therefore does not *cause* dreams, but simply conduces to a condition whereby the unconscious mental activity is enabled to encroach unduly on the plane of consciousness. Under these circumstances we are able to witness unconscious mental phenomena in a limited and "flash-like" manner; such phenomena are in evidence in a persistent form in psychopathic cases. The only difference between disturbing dreams and the experiences of a hopeless asylum case is one of degree.

Freud advises his students never to resort to argument for the purpose of endeavouring to combat the mental attitude of a sceptic towards analytic principles; but to remind him that the proof of the soundness of these principles lies open for anyone to take advantage of *by applying the analytic method to himself; to his own personality.*

If critics would only adopt this empirical form of effort, no further evidence of the soundness of the psycho-analytic principles would be necessary. On the other hand, if a person refuses to adopt this practical procedure the reason lies in some pronouncedly strong emotional complexes in the individual's unconscious mental life. Such an unreasonably hostile

attitude therefore lies beyond the influence of either logic or persuasion.

I had not progressed very far in studying Freud's theories before I decided to follow his advice in the case of myself; and instead of weighing and estimating in a purely academic spirit the various theories involved I determined to apply the acid test of the psycho-analytic principles to my own personality.

In a general way I am what may be called "painfully normal," with little, if any, unusual psychical tendencies. I am neither clairvoyant nor clairaudient, nor have I any other form of *unconscious hypersensitiveness*—sometimes broadly classified under the term "psychic."

In the phenomena of nightmare I had at my disposal a fruitful opportunity for the necessary experiments. From early childhood, however, I have had very good reason for realizing that I suffered from an over-sensitive connection between a disturbance of the digestive equilibrium and an experiencing of disagreeable dreams; I therefore had in the composition of my own temperamental trends ample psychical material to which to apply the Freudian technique.

In nightmares the broad experience can be roughly divided into two classes; one being where there is a vague, indefinable fear in connection with some dream feature which, after awakening, appears to the dreamer to be either absurd or meaningless, and to have no actual significance as far as any cause for fear is concerned. The dreamer may awaken in fright at something or other which seems devoid of all reasonable meaning when ultimately considered by the reasoning faculties, but which had an extremely unpleasant influence during the dream.

In such an instance the dreamer feels mystified at having been so profoundly affected by some particular dream incident; and when viewed from the standpoint of an awakened consciousness it may be hard to account for the disturbing agency.

In the other broad type the nightmare takes the form of *motor inhibition*, i.e., an inability to use the limbs or to take the necessary defensive action against some menacing danger; the dreamer is being threatened by something or other, yet suffers from a paralysis of his powers of movement.

I have experienced both these types of dreams many times, and probably most people have had similar nocturnal sensations.

In my own case I put into forceful and persistent application the precept of Freud's great enjoinder, viz., to apply the psycho-analytic method to my own personality. Freud's contentions are to the effect that the fears and inhibitions present in nightmares are *mental displacements*; that the fears are not only very real, but very justifiable; in order to read the true import of such experiences it is necessary to *ascertain the sets of ideas, or mental tendencies, to which such displaced dream expressions rightfully belong*. When this has been accomplished, Freud contends that such dreams will never be found to be either meaningless or unjustifiably disturbing, but will transpire to be constructed of mental material which is of extreme importance to the personality.

It was with the purpose of ascertaining the validity of these contentions that I determinedly and persistently set about analysing my own experiences in nightmare phenomena. Just for the purpose of

securing some unconscious mental material for analytic determination, I have recently indulged heavily in various forms of indigestible meals just before going to bed, with the deliberate purpose of stirring into activity a good healthy specimen of nightmare for subsequent analytic dissection; but with no pronounced success.

The digestive disturbances resulting from my experiments have naturally not been affected by any analytic efforts; and, as of yore, such disturbances continue to produce a corresponding profusion of mental twilight conditions; with consequent dream phenomena. *But the nightmare characteristics of my dreams have completely disappeared.*

My injudicious eating, indulged in for purely experimental purposes, continues to produce digestive disturbances, and these disturbances cause more or less prolific dreaming; the dreams, however, are devoid of unpleasant characteristics. Furthermore, my dreams have become less and less disguised in their construction, and the import of their unconscious messages consequently more and more obvious. My dreams are less laden with repressed mental burdens. I have succeeded, in fact, in laying many of those mental ghosts which so persistently dogged my psychical footsteps from the days of early childhood, and the benefit to my personality has been accordingly appreciable.

In order to apprehend why an analysing away of nightmare tendencies results in pronounced benefits to the personality, it is necessary that the real nature of such dream phenomena be clearly understood.

In the inhibition dream, where the dreamer is paralysed in his efforts to protect himself from some

threatening danger, or to assume a defence against some form of attack, the personality suffers from what is known as a *schizophrenic storm*, i.e., a condition of *split emotions*.

In such experiences a certain repressed and un-sublimated set of ideas or some stunted primitive impulse struggles for conscious expression, but encounters a strongly antagonizing, censoring resistance. The result is that a struggle takes place just below the horizon of consciousness between these two divergent tendencies, each of which strives for ascendancy: the one to *break out* and the other to *repress*. The net result is an intense emotional storm.

On analysis, by means of the resourceful association method, it has been determined that the paralysing inhibition of the motor mechanism, which results in inability to make satisfactory efforts at either flight or defence from the menacing influences apparent in the dream, and also the pronounced mental agitation that is experienced, are due to the *condensed, displaced (and consequently disguised), unconscious ideas coming into violent opposition with the general ethical or moral characteristics of the conscious personality*. The dream-drama of the nightmare is therefore the camouflaged expression of unconscious tendencies that have encroached on the sphere of consciousness in a particularly aggressive manner.

In the other type of dream, where there is no inhibition of motor control, but where a vague and indescribable fear is experienced without there being any definite reason for it, different causes are involved. In this class of nightmare the dramatized expression of some repressed memory or primitive impulse has

commenced to become so obvious that there is danger of its existence and character becoming apprehended by the consciousness. A predicament exists under these conditions that is somewhat analogous to what exists when the symbols of a satirical drawing are so clear that little resourcefulness is necessary to decipher their meaning.

In the case of such a dream the veneer of disguise is so thin that there is danger of the true character of the repressed unconscious tendencies becoming revealed to the consciousness. The emotional storm that exists in such instances is consequently an ethical or moral revolt on the part of the ego against the aspect of some incompletely sublimated and aggressively active unconscious tendency.

In such an experience as this the fear experienced is, in reality, *dramatized revulsion*. This fear, therefore, is very real, and has developed in relation to a very real danger; and the fact that the exact character of this danger is not apparent to the consciousness makes the menace all the more insidious.

A nightmare is a dramatized expression of some repressed, undesirable, unsublimated primitive tendency or psychical blemish, which would offend some ethical or moral canon if permitted an undisguised indulgence.

It is reasonably safe to assert that there is never any exception to the anti-ethical characteristics that constitute the actual foundations of all nightmare phenomena.

The mature personality develops from very primitive roots, and the whole structure of mental and moral responsibility depends upon the success which the individual attains in shedding his archaic strains. In

attaining this desirable moral and ethical status, the growing personality practically recapitulates the psychical history of the race; it has the same embryological experiences as the physical embryo. The consequence of this recapitulative experience is that the personality has to pass through a veritable gamut of primitive tendencies before it can emerge upon the plateau of desirable psychical stability.

If, therefore, during this process of unfoldment and development, there happens to occur some "drag" or "hold-back," certain remnants of primitive psychical strains become "fixed" and are carried forward into adult life. The personality consequently becomes tinged with certain psychical inclinations which should have been shed and outgrown in early life.

Unless any such *arrests* are so pronounced as to influence the conscious behaviour to a marked degree, a person may pass through life without betraying to the world any evidences of pronounced underlying psychical handicaps. For that matter, the individual is often himself wholly ignorant of his unconscious weaknesses. Nevertheless, in his submerged mental depths the undesirable characteristics in question not only exist, but to some degree persist in influencing the general conscious mental attitude and behaviour.

Where an *arrest* is very pronounced, and tends very persistently to invade the upper conscious thought-streams, the resulting conflict becomes a severe strain on the defensive mechanism of the personality, with the result that the whole mental welfare of the sufferer is sometimes very seriously menaced.

The ultimate outcome of such a conflict rests wholly upon the defence mechanism of the consciousness

to continue its repressive efforts successfully. If there is any giving way in this respect (so-called nervous breakdown), then the outcome is disastrous; for the volitional responsibility of the individual becomes overpowered, and the consciousness is consequently flooded by the unrestrained, uprushing, undesirable mental forces.

It is now known that fully eighty per cent. of asylum cases result from such psychogenic causes as those just indicated.

Until the inestimable work of Freud threw a flood of light on the phenomena of mental aberrations, the clouding of a mentality, and the development of psychical perversities, were both inexplicable and therapeutically hopeless; thanks to that great empirical psychologist, however, a wealth of understanding has now become developed in relation to what has been hitherto hopelessly obscure, and very great strides have been made in remedying conditions that were previously beyond the reach of intelligent therapeutic efforts.

Nightmare experiences owe much of their notoriety to their extremely unpleasant aspects; and, although the popular mind has hitherto had little opportunity for estimating the real significance of such experiences, the prevalence of these phenomena has resulted in many interesting speculations as to their origin and general pathological contents. There is another form of dream, however, which contains almost as much significance to the personality as the nightmare, and which persistently invades the twilight conditions of consciousness, though without its true import being in the least suspected, viz., *the recurring dream*.

Only very little investigation is necessary in order to

apprehend the fact that many people have their own particular variety of "pet dream," *i.e.*, a form of dream which, with some slight modifications perhaps, recurs from time to time. With some individuals such dreams take the form of the subject's climbing or descending stairways; with others of passing through a series of connecting rooms or of flying or swimming; while yet others are continually missing trains.

In all such instances the evidence is conclusive that some particular wish which has been denied fullness of expression in the conscious life persists in smouldering in the unconscious.

In this class of dreams the desire on the part of the unconscious mental life may by no means be of a character that would, under rightful conditions, transgress cultural requirements; in fact, such wish or desire might quite well be in strict alignment with a perfectly natural aspiration. Nevertheless (and here comes in the point of interest), irrespective of the naturalness of expression under proper conditions of any such desire, it has been denied that expression by the consciousness, *i.e.*, has been *starved*. Its very existence has, in fact, been *repudiated*.

Recurring dreams of certain types reveal the fact that, in the unconscious mental activity of the dreamer, there is a *starved love life*. Such dreams indicate that, irrespective of conventional attitudes, and of a seemingly placid conscious exterior, the ego has never succeeded in attaining to the fullest expression of its love-yearnings; and such love-yearnings constitute the culminating peak of desire in every normal human being.

Let us imagine, for a moment, that the reader has

climbed to the summit of a mountain ridge and has seen the vista that lies beyond; and after gazing on that scene for a while he returns to his original starting-point. Let us now imagine that on his return from his mountain climb the reader encounters a stranger who asks him for particulars as to the scenes which lie beyond the distant mountain summit, and which the climber then endeavours to describe. Let us further imagine that, instead of the stranger accepting the reader's description of the distant scene as the reader saw it, he denies its probability, and then, in addition, advances some purely conjectural conclusions of his own.

Do you not think that, under such circumstances argument would be worse than useless; that the only logical procedure for the reader to adopt would be an injunction to the critic to avail himself of the ready means at his own disposal and to make a personal climb to the summit of the distant ridge and thereby become enabled to see for himself what lies beyond?

It may be asked whether any good is derived from bringing up into the consciousness those forms of psychical blemishes and repressed longings that the dream phenomena reveal as existing in the unconscious; whether it would not be just as well to "let sleeping dogs lie"?

The term "sleeping dogs" is, perhaps, somewhat unfortunate, for the conditions rendered evident by the dream experience are by no means dormant qualities. The very fact that such repressed ideas succeeded in attaining even a disguised expression shows that they are extremely active agents.

Dreams, however, are not the only evidence of

activity on the part of those undesirable submerged tendencies, for an analysis of their existence and character is available from phenomena existing in the daily waking life of the individual.

The emotional perturbation which characterises the nightmare, and which is called *fear*, invades the consciousness and influences the conscious behaviour in many persistent forms, though the individual may not apprehend that many of the sensations which he experiences arise from causes existing within his own personality, and not from some exterior influence to which he often attributes it.

Every form of unreasoning fear, dread, antipathy, and repugnance (which nearly everyone has, to some extent, experienced) in relation to something or other, is, in fact, merely a projection upon the consciousness (in connection with some particular object, or scene) of what is known technically as the *affect* (i.e., *burden*, or *content*) of some unconscious emotional agitation.

A submerged emotional complex is far from being a harmless "sleeping dog"; it is more like a wide-awake mad dog.

The reason why an individual may have some unreasoning fear or repugnance in relation to some apparently harmless object, scene, or set of conditions is because at some time or other an experience occurred in which some such object, scene, or set of conditions was intimately involved with a particular repressed emotional trend; the result being that recurrence to the conscious apprehension of such exterior experience arouses those old buried memories and thereby activates their emotional burdens. Under such conditions, in fact, the individual lives over again (in his

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refractory element has become almost immediately obvious.

It is advisable not to "flog" the mind into trying to analyse the various psychical experiences, but to preserve a calm and deliberate attitude. As the various elements of the submerged undesirable psychical strains and tendencies are brought up into the consciousness, frankly faced, and the lesson of their import accordingly applied, their emotional burdens become dispersed; thus the very foundations of the personality are more desirably adjusted and stabilized.

CHAPTER XIX

WILL-POWER WHILE YOU WAIT

ONCE upon a time I wrote a little brochure in which I tried to explain the psychology of nervous ailments.

In that little literary effort I sought to go back a few million years beyond the Garden of Eden experience of the human race, and from thence to trace the history and power of thought, and in that effort to plot out the evolutionary process of mental activity from a seeming chemical reaction in a little patch of protoplasmic slime down to a twentieth-century pain in the stomach.

Just how well I succeeded in this literary indulgence need not be speculated. I may say, however, that I received a great many letters in relation to it: some of which were nice to read, while some suggested that I did not know what I was talking about.

Whenever I happened to receive a letter of the painful variety I sought to neutralize its disagreeable effect by reflecting on the nice things that some other contribution contained; and so I managed to wend my way through my life's obligations without loss of sleep or disturbance in my general metabolic processes. Philosophy is a fine thing when you can take it with your food, go to sleep with it, and blend its influences with the general daily actions. I know, for I have tried it; in fact, I have so mixed it up in my general

perspective that all my mental attitudes have become more or less seasoned with it. Mr. Reader, Mrs. Reader, Miss Reader, all of you, collectively and individually, try it yourselves. It's a fine "pick-me-up." The more you try it the better you will like it; the more you have of it the more you will want; furthermore, the habit of using it will grow on you.

I find a great fascination in tracing the transformation of an idea into a kinetic force, and in following the effect of introducing that force into the molecular gyrations of the cells of the human body; but that is no reason why everyone else should feel similarly attracted to the philosophical aspects of these exceedingly intricate actions and reactions.

One thing can be taken as a demonstrable truth, however, viz., *an idea can become transformed into an actual pathological disease*. After all is said and done, it is not necessary for a sufferer to go back a few million years behind the Edenic period of man, and thence follow the evolutionary trail of mental life down to breakfast time this morning, in order to apply the power which this long period of development has placed at his disposal.

When nervous energy breaks forth from its natural channels, goodness knows where it may not go and what it may not do. Many forms of bodily ailments are purely *ideas transformed into diseases*. In such instances the emotional energy which, under right conditions, would be available to the consciousness for meeting the requirements of life, has been diverted into harmful channels. The result of such a diversion is: overflowing the banks of its natural course, the rampant energy pours its unharnessed influences into

the molecular activity of the cells of the body, and by depressing, accelerating, or otherwise disorganizing that activity, produces *disease*.

Thoughts, *per se*, are merely incidents of mental phenomena; but the associative energy of thoughts can, under certain conditions, *kill*.

Some people throw away their money in one way and some in another; and very often it all amounts to about the same thing in the end. Some like to joy ride, while others prefer to gamble in wild-cat shares; but if anyone really wants to qualify as a first-class idiot in money-wasting, no better opportunity exists than to buy and read all the stupid books that have been written about *will-power*.

Many animals run in herds; and of all species the one that goes under the name of *man* has this instinct developed in the most pronounced degree. So strong is this instinct in the man herd, that if a member should wander off on a mental hike by himself, all the rest of the herd chase him and quite cheerfully kill him as a token of esteem.

The unpardonable sin of the herd man is to *think*.

At some time or other, under some condition or other, some bright individual specimen of the man herd thought that he detected some particular driving power behind the successful personality; and as he wanted to call this force something (and one term seemed just as good as another to him), he called it *will-power*.

After giving this power a name this ancient psychologist concluded that he ought to explain to the herd what it was capable of doing; and as he knew no more concerning the subject than anyone else (and maybe

even less), he sat down and wrote a book on the subject.

Now, no one can write a book without writing something; and if the task of writing something sensible is beyond the achievements of the individual, then there is no other course open for him but to write nonsense. And that is just what this psychologist did.

Having written this book of nonsense, the ancient author brought it to the herd for approval; with the result that the genuine instinct of the herd came into play. Being told of something about which they knew nothing by someone who likewise knew nothing, they concluded that the principles advocated might be right or might be the reverse; and that in either event it was all the same. So they nodded their heads in solemn approval, went on browsing, and thought no more about the incident.

One particularly miserable evening, however, when climatic and general social conditions seemed to make life no longer worth living, this ancient psychologist wrapped his sleeping-mat around his emaciated body, turned his wrinkled and bewhiskered face to the wall of his cave, heaved a sigh of resignation, and departed this life.

The demise of this early specimen of chronic office-holder might not have been an unmixed evil; but it seems that his spirit kept marching along—and strenuously at that.

The remains of this old tribal psychologist had hardly been laid in the ground before half a dozen young psychologists gave notice to the herd that they were prepared to take up the job at that particular point

where the exigencies of physical deterioration had made it compulsory for the ancient one to relinquish it.

In strict accordance with the herd instinct, this announcement made only a passing flutter in the tribe. Some listened and some did not; and as most of those who listened didn't understand what they were listening to, the final upshot of the occasion was that one knew as much about the subject as another; so everybody was content. The natural result of all this was that a certain concept crept into the tribal perspective. You see: in the first place, someone had pretended to discover something; and then had tried to explain to the herd what that something was. Now, the herd was not interested in this "discovery." What their psychologist was endeavouring to tell them might be right or quite the opposite; but as the subject appeared to have only academic interest, they didn't take the matter seriously.

The consequence was that in course of time each member of the herd believed that he knew all about a subject of which he had in reality no knowledge whatever. Every one of them had been told by their psychologists that it was a *go get it feeling* which enabled one member to get his full share (if not more) of the good things of life, and that this *go get it feeling* was called *will-power*. If any inquisitive member asked in what this will-power really consisted, he was blandly informed that will-power was—er-ah-ahem—well, *will-power*, a sort of *power of will*, so to speak.

Evolution is by no means confined to organic and mental life, but includes attendant characteristics. Therefore it was in accordance with things that there eventually developed among the herd quite a breed

of hand-me-down psychologists. As this evolution took place, certain utilitarian considerations became developed also; so that in course of time the psychology of will-power became rescued from a purely academic status and was placed more or less firmly on a financial basis.

Thus it came to pass that certain members of the herd (hereafter to be known as the *willers*) announced their readiness (for a certain financial consideration) to be party of the first part in an agreement, whereby any party of the second part (for evermore to be remembered as the *willed*) could become so filled to the brim with will-power that they could, in their turn, go out on a little willing expedition of their own, and start willing any stray members of the herd whom they might come across, at so much per will—even as they had themselves been willed upon some previous occasion.

And the herd stood it; some of them even asked for more. It is a great world.

Peary succeeded in reaching the North Pole, Stanley traversed Darkest Africa, and Shackleton criss-crossed the Antarctic. These are examples of great mental application and physical endurance by means of which the ends of the earth have become opened up.

If asked to define the driving force behind such instances as a Peary trudging onwards over snow and ice towards the North Pole, a Shackleton similarly striving towards the South Pole, or a Stanley almost crawling on hands and knees through an African jungle, the popular mind at once thinks of *will-power*; that wonderful something or other that the old cave-man psychologist imagined he had discovered one fine morning before breakfast in the long ago.

Let us bury that meaningless term *will-power*, and bury it so deeply that it can never be resurrected. It is dead anyway; in fact, it has already commenced to smell.

The so-called will-power, the power that enabled Peary to overcome the Arctic, Shackleton the Antarctic, and Stanley the Equator, was simply *energy plus interest*, or, if one cares to reverse the order, *interest plus energy*. Peary *wanted* to reach the North Pole; he badly wanted to reach it, too. His whole mental attitude revolved around that great adventure. Hence his whole *interest* lay in that direction. He was also pulsating with *energy*; and therefore possessed the requisite driving force. When this *energy* became linked up with the *interest*, the great undertaking commenced; and just as long as this union existed the effort was maintained. Furthermore, when his great life's object was at last attained, those two contributing factors reached their culminating expression.

If Peary had had the *energy* of a Bengal tiger, but had lacked *interest* in Polar exploration, he would never have reached the North Pole. On the other hand, if he had happened to have so much *interest* that it dominated his every waking moment, it would have availed him nothing if he lacked the necessary *energy*.

In business, engineering, original research, and every other branch of mental endeavour, the same simple principles govern individual accomplishments.

In the first place, a person must have an *interest* in an objective, otherwise he will not apply himself to obtaining it. Then he must have the necessary *energy* to follow the trail along which his interest beckons.

With these two factors linked up in double harness a desirable outcome is assured.

Everyone may have all the *interest-energy* that he wants. The trouble with many people, however, is that a large proportion of this quality is never utilized. In the first place, there is a dissipation of energy through unconscious anarchy; and then the amount actually available to the consciousness is oftentimes not linked up with any *strongly attractive interest-object*.

The reader will remember that Cornish farm experience in which I contributed to the purchasing of many comforts of a certain farmer by working in his fields for ten hours on a winter's day, for which the old sinner paid me the munificent sum of eightpence.

Largely as a result of that early experience I have an ineradicable antipathy towards any form of farming; so much so that if I had to choose between growing my own vegetables or going without them, I would go without.

From those experiences of childhood days an incident stands out in particularly clear mental silhouette, which illustrates, in simple form, the principles of interest-object attraction. It was harvest time—a time when no clocks were necessary in order to keep track of the flight of the hours. We went to work with the sun and worked about half a shift after it had gone down at night. Between these two points of time we were supposed to keep moving fairly persistently.

One night I was so tired that I could hardly walk; it was so dark that it was hard to distinguish faces. I "bucked up," however, when there came into my small-boy mind a realization that in another hour I would have some nice warm supper to fill my hungry

stomach; and that I would be able to crawl into my plain but wholesome bed and drift away to a world of childhood dream-wishes where little boys did not have to work eighteen hours a day in a harvest field: into a world of pleasurable conditions where I could play for once and, maybe, have some nice books to read.

All at once I became awakened to the realities of things; for I heard my old father say to a fellow-workman: "Well, I suppose it is time to leave off. Joe [meaning my own poor, miserable self] has started to work."

From which it may be gathered that no matter how much energy I may have available, my interest-power in farming is so small that I commence to feel tired even when I think about it. So much so, that if the choice were forced upon me of either farming or of undergoing painful execution, I would gently murmur: "Gee up; lead me to the getting-off place."

Fortunately for society there are people who have a very strong interest-power in farming; people who *like* to farm. And whenever we come across a person who likes to farm, we find a farmer who is *very successful at the business*.

To *like* to do a thing is not an *ability*; neither is it any *power*. We might just as well speak of a liking to cultivate roses as being a *power*.

It was no *power* on Peary's part to want to go to the North Pole; but simply a *desire*. And everyone has desires; and often strong ones at that; but just as long as the desire remains unhitched to an object of interest it doesn't accomplish much. It wasn't energy *per se* which enabled Peary to reach the Pole either.

Lots of people have as much energy as Peary possessed, yet do not manage to do anything. Peary got to the North Pole because he threw the whole of his *energy-power out towards his interest-object*.

Ower to my left, as I sit typing this chapter, there are about ten feet of book-shelves on which there is a copy of almost every book on psycho-analysis that has been written in the English language. In that array there is practically everything available on this subject—from Freud down.

I have not only read these books, but have also scribbled them and dog-eared them until they are almost disreputable in appearance. Is it any wonder, therefore, that I gravitated into practising psycho-analysis? And is it any wonder that I have tried to explain its theory and practice by means of a book, written in simple form, so that other people may have an opportunity to benefit from what I myself have studied and applied?

The writing of this book has not been *work*; it has been a *pleasure*. So it should not require much imagination to apprehend the great difference that it made to me, personally, when I led that energy-ability of mine away from farming into a channel where I have an overwhelming interest.

Let us imagine a person possessed with an inordinate desire for strong drink, actually standing outside a place where liquor is to be bought; and let us further imagine this unfortunate individual being torn by two sets of interests: the one to go in and drink, while the other is to keep off it.

This is a condition where the term "will-power" is worked with great enthusiasm by some machine-made

psychologists. As a matter of fact, however, there is no *will-power* involved.

What this unfortunate person is doing is *already having a drink mentally*, and deciding whether he shall have one in reality. He is not drawing mental pictures of being at home painting the garden fence. He has simply directed his *interest* to imagining how it would feel to be standing in front of a bar, with the right foot nonchalantly poised on the brass rail, holding a glass in his left hand as he pours whisky into it with his right, and then, having lifted the drink to his lips, gurgling it lovingly down so that every drop, right down to his stomach, tastes like heaven.

This poor chap has thrown his whole *interest-power* into that anticipation of drinking. The bar just inside that door is *his* North Pole; he could no more keep away from it than Peary could keep away from his "Call of the North."

I wasn't torn between conflicting interests when I deliberately laid down my pipe for the last time on April 2, 1918. I wasn't looking for trouble; I didn't want to *fight* anything. I was looking for the peaceful life. I was simply inquisitive—wanting to ascertain of what that so-called tobacco craving consisted. So I simply took my chair, sat down just outside the hole where that bluffing old craving was supposed to be hibernating, and waited for it to come out.

I didn't require any "power" in order to sit in that mental chair and indulge in that watching stunt. Lord, bless you, no! That chair was very comfortable and inviting. I liked sitting in that mental chair, looking at that mental hole, and waiting for that mental craving to stick its head out.

The poor individual who fell into the liquor trap didn't fall down because of lack of will-power. As a matter of fact, it was that very "power" that caused him to go where he did. He simply went where he wanted that "power" to take him. *His interest lay in the direction of the drink ; hence he went and got it.*

When we hitch up our interest-object to our energy we generally manage to reach our objective ; but when we allow our interest-object to draw in one direction, and our energy to take us in an opposite, we are liable to end up by becoming first-class misfits accomplishing—*nothing*.

The driving force which the original official psychologist to the herd called *will-power*, and which everyone longs to possess, is *already possessed*. No intellectual stirrings are required, nor is there need to pay any "hand-me-down" psychologist a fee for "courses" in order to acquire this *will-power*.

Everyone has energy, and everyone has some interest-object ; and just as sure as those two factors are brought together the personality comes into its own ; *its own driving power*.

Go and find your interest-object. It is knocking around somewhere, and not very far away. When you have found it, hitch it up to your energy ; and when you do that you will commence to get somewhere worth while.

If you don't like growing cabbages, or trying to make hens lay eggs, stop trying to do so. Let some other cabbage-grower take over your vegetable industry, and let some other worthy soul specialize in trying to make reluctant hens speed-up in the egg-laying business. After this, *take hold of your own real interest-object with both hands, and bring your hitherto*

non-utilized energy to bear on it. Then, some fine morning, you will wake up feeling that *the world is yours*. You will feel that, at last, you are travelling fast towards *your North Pole*; and it will be a mighty good feeling. It will be the feeling that has been the actuating force behind all great human achievements.

CHAPTER XX

MENTAL CONCENTRATION MADE EASY

LET'S go to India for a few minutes. See that old man sitting down in that mass of filth looking at the tip of the second finger of his left hand? He's supposed to be a human being; furthermore, he thinks that he is doing something. He's not a particularly likeable sort of chap; but still he's alive. He doesn't move much; in fact, about one movement a week is what he allows himself.

No. I don't know how long that ghastly old image has been sitting there among the filth and flies: maybe two or three years; perhaps more, perhaps less.

You want to know what that freak of nature is doing? *He is a professional concentrator, in full blast.*

Maybe you have often thought that you would like to be able to concentrate, and to concentrate so concentratedly that no other influence in the world would exist as far as you were concerned except the object on which you were concentrating.

Well! There, right before you, is a good specimen of that sort of concentrator.

You ask what that man can be thinking about?

He's not thinking about anything, of course. You can't *think* when you act in that way.

Yes! I know that that sort of mental attitude is considered to be the one and only brand of mental concentration; but then, of course, that sort of idea is a

joke. It is one more of the jokes that the old cave-man psychologist, previously referred to, pulled off on the herd before he turned up his toes in his prehistoric cave.

That freak of humanity whom you see sitting there amid his filth and flies, apparently concentrating very concentratedly on the tip of his finger with all of the concentration that his concentrator is capable of concentrating, is not really concentrating at all. He is simply in a state of complete *mental vacuity*; a form of self-hypnosis.

There is about as much mental activity going on in the consciousness of that individual as there is in the tail of a tortoise.

Mental activity means what the term implies; it doesn't mean mental torpidity. If anyone wants to specialize in mental torpidity, then he ought to call his business by the right name.

Take one last good look at that mistaken, useless, and perverted specimen of skin and bones sitting over there in his filth, and for evermore discard the idea that he, you, or anyone else, can ever succeed in persistently thinking of any one thing to the exclusion of everything else—without dropping off into a state of self-hypnosis or into actual slumber.

I wanted you to take a good look at a professional concentrator working full-time at his job, so that you could the better apprehend what mental concentration is, by witnessing an illustration of what it is not.

In order for mental concentration to be maintained one of two conditions must exist. There must either be kept passing before the mental vision a continuous stream of ideas in the form of a panorama, or else the

mental eye itself must keep moving from object to object.

If you go to a cinema and see an interesting film, you are experiencing a certain form of mental concentration. Of course, that sort of concentration is easy; and the more interesting the picture the easier it is to concentrate upon it—or, to be more exact, the easier it is for the mind to be held by the passing stimuli.

If you go for a joy ride through some fine scenery your attention is similarly concentrating. As the head is turned in the direction of the changing scene the mind is being entertained.

You must remember that no matter whether the mind "sits down," so to speak, and has its stimulations brought to it, or goes forth of its own accord to hunt them out, the outcome is much the same.

One of two conditions must always exist, however, if a state of abstraction is to be avoided, viz., *either the mental consciousness must have fresh scenes continually brought to it, or else the consciousness must persistently follow fresh scenes.*

The very act of keeping awake depends on this change in mental stimulations.

As far as the much-misunderstood attitude of mental concentration is concerned, the person who sits down and indulges in a fantastic reverie or day-dream is concentrating just as strongly as the person who is reading and thoroughly grasping some book on an extremely technical subject. The difference between these two cases is that in the one instance the mind is permitting itself to be entertained by a mental picture-show, while in the other it is being led about by in-

tellectually applied attention from one scene to another. In the one case the attention is carried along by the inner mental influences, while in the other the attention is doing the directing.

The attention must for ever keep on the move ; and if you won't move it designedly—well, it is going to keep on moving anyway.

When the attention comes to a dead stop, we either go to sleep or go into a state of hypnosis—like that of the old Hindu fakir.

You can compare the conscious attention to a powerful force, like a big animal that is ever on the move, which enables you to accomplish things: a force that you have either to *direct or be directed by*.

In a picture-show (both of the cinema type and the day-dreaming variety) we are following this great animal; in reading technical books or studying a subject we are *leading* it.

When you once come to understand the temperamental qualities of this great *attention-power* you can do anything that you want with it. You will be able to lead it by the nose anywhere you like, when you like, and as you like. All that you have to do to keep this great attention-power animal contented and usefully engaged, is to *blindfold it a little ; not to let it see too much at a time*.

Just put a pair of blinkers over that big docile creature's eyes so that he can't see round too many corners of interest at one time, and you will find yourself the keeper of a most useful and manageable animal.

Have these *blinkers* so constructed that your big *attention-power* can see clearly within a very small

radius; say within a few feet of its front toes at the most. Then watch that great animal make the best of its opportunities. It won't bother about anything but those blades of intellectual fodder that are growing before its feet. And all that you have to do in order to make that powerful friend go where you wish is just to pull one blinker up a little in one direction or the other, so that a little more intellectual fodder is revealed to its vision; then that big chap will move on to the new patch of mental pasturage as calmly and contentedly as if it were a baby.

The *attention knack* is one of the most important things on earth; for, when once you have understood this little *trick* (for trick it is and nothing else), you can make it do anything that you desire.

You can't carry an elephant on your back; but if you will only carry a few nice buns in your pocket the big brute will follow you—until your buns give out. Moral: always carry lots of *interest "buns"* in your pocket. Talk about sticking to you through thick and thin; you will not be able to shake off that big friend of yours by any possible means.

Don't imagine you haven't any attention-power; the chances are that you have quite as much as anybody else; maybe more. The only trouble with you is probably that you haven't understood the little *blinker trick*.

The secret of mental concentration is to confine the attention to a comparatively small radius of interest, and to *move on* to a fresh circle when the *intellectual fodder* in the first browsing patch has become exhausted.

It is no harder to follow a plan like this than it is

to permit the attention to keep on *jumping the fence*, and wandering off into adjacent pastures.

All that the attention requires in the way of *fodder* is the necessary amount of *interest*; and even if that faculty is allowed to jump fences and to browse at large, it will not be any better off. If it has acquired the bad habit of jumping fences it is probably because it has never known for what a fence exists.

I ask you to concentrate your mind on the idea *house*. What do you do?

You cannot think of *house* as a mere abstract idea, for if you did you would soon be playing second fiddle to that old Hindu fakir, whom you saw at the fringe of the jungle sitting amidst a cloud of flies.

To concentrate means to *do something*; so when you concentrate on the idea *house*, you must not only do something, but must also keep on doing so. The moment that you stop doing something with an end in view you will start doing something else aimlessly.

The first thing that you will do when you start concentrating on the idea of *house* will be to divide that big pasturage of ideas into smaller patches of interest; then to "browse around" in one of these little areas until everything of value within it has been absorbed and digested, and then to move on to the next patch of interest-fodder.

In the idea *house* we can have one little interest patch that will embrace the masonry-work, another the woodwork, another the metal-work, another the decorative features, and so on.

We could start off with many more little *browsing patches* if we wanted to; but the four which we have set out will be sufficient for the purpose of illustration.

We will commence to browse first in the little masonry patch. Here we have stonework, brickwork, concrete-work, and plastering to consider; and if we wanted to go over all these features we would have more fodder than that big attention-power animal could cope with. He would be surfeited, in fact; so we will curtail Mr. Power's browsing patch a little more.

We will select the idea of *brickwork*, and for a time restrain all our fodder-interest within that considerably restricted area; we shall then have all of the mental pasturage necessary to keep that big intellectual animal of ours contented for a while.

Letting our attention browse around within this *brickwork interest-patch* we can consider the various sorts of bricks, qualities, appearances, durability, cost, point of shipment, date of delivery, respective quantities, terms of payment, character of firms engaged in this business, labour cost, experiences, and similar considerations.

We shall commence to browse in this comparatively restricted brickwork area, before finding that we can have all the interest-fodder that our attention-power can get away with if we confine the mental browsing to an even smaller radius; and so for a few moments we shall simply move around in a little sphere of interest contains the ideas relating to *character of firms in this business*.

little interest-patch we now begin to allow attention-force of ours to feed; *and it is just as ever*. It is as contented as ever because ample *interest-fodder* close up to its

We now look up *bricks*, *brickmakers*, *brick-factories*, *brick-merchants*, *brick-agents* in the telephone directory, as well as every classification in which the word *brick* appears.

Talk about interest-fodder!—we have all the material that we want. In fact, we are as busy as ever, and just as interested as we were in the large “meadow” of interest relating to masonry; and our attention-power is as satisfied as ever. It is following us along like Mary’s little lamb.

In this little interest-patch relating to brickmakers, brick-merchants, brick-agents, etc., we now move around, letting this big attention-animal of ours sniff this idea, then that, then the other one, and thus make the rounds of interest; and it is quite as contented to nibble at a bunch of mental material relating to brick-agencies or brick-factories as it would be to roam wild over a whole countryside of ideas. *It can do only one thing at a time anyway*; and, just as long as that one thing is provided, nothing more is necessary.

By the time that the attention has browsed over the brick-merchant interest-patch, you will find that you have so narrowed things down that you have been *scientifically concentrating*—and without knowing it. And all that you have to do in order to concentrate scientifically is to move around in one interest-patch until the interest-fodder has been all consumed, and then to move on to another patch.

The brick-merchant interest-patch belongs to the larger “pasturage” of *brickwork*, to which you can now return and select another little fodder area in which to browse—say, that of *labour costs*.

Here you have to get into touch with contractors

and labour conditions; the availability of labour for this sort of work, the cost, and the general respective considerations. And, after your attention-power has browsed over this interest-patch, you move on to the next—say, that of *delivery facilities*; and after that you move on to the next patch—say, that of *shipment conditions*, or *terms of payment*, etc.

Thus you go from one little interest-patch to another, until you have covered all the ground within the larger “pasturage” of *brickwork*. Then you go over to the big interest “meadow” of *stonework*; split up that big “acreage” into smaller “fields,” such as *manufactured stone*, *cut stone*, *granite*, *sandstone*, *cobble*, etc., each and every one of which will contain quite enough interest-fodder to keep that big attention-power of yours browsing for a while; and just as soon as one patch is *eaten out*, simply move on to the next.

On page 168 I said: “The secret of mental concentration is to confine the attention to a comparatively small radius of interest.” From that point down to the present it has taken me about half an hour of composition. In doing this my attention started off from the idea of *house*, and thence to more restricted attention-patches. I could go on and write another hour, or even two, on this same subject; but it is not necessary. I wanted to illustrate an idea, and I am trusting that I have said enough to accomplish this purpose.

Now, while I was writing the foregoing *my attention-power was browsing in those very fodder-patches which I was describing*; the result being that for the half-hour in question I was not thinking of anything except the topics that I was describing. In other words, I was

scientifically concentrating; which is only a high-falutin way of saying that I put my finger-tips on the nose of that big, docile, and even affectionate brute of an attention-power of mine, and simply indicated, by the slightest of pressure, just where I wanted it to go.

That is all that there is in mental concentration.

If I tried to think of the abstract idea *house*, I might succeed in doing so—for two and a quarter seconds. A really first-class, fly-blown, filth-ridden Hindu fakir might manage with good luck to do so for two and a half seconds, after which he would *go off* into a hypnotic stupor.

As for myself, that attention-power of mine would tug away at its leading-string for a moment or so, and then, if I did not lead it to some fresh pickings, well, it would give a little snort, blunder through that fence which I tried to put round it, and go off on its own little browsing trip.

As I have no aspirations to be a Hindu fakir, and want to take all the advantage I can of this great attention-power which I have, which *you* have, and which practically *everyone* has, I don't try to pull off any such asinine mental abstraction stunts. On the contrary, I do my best to be really chummy with that great attention-power of mine; with the result that we get along splendidly together.

I am always keeping my eyes open for fresh browsing patches for that great ally of mine to feed on, and just as soon as I see the last patch of interest-fodder disappearing down that concentrating machine of my big friend, I gently stroke its nose and, with just the lightest of touches, indicate the next direction in which

I wish it to go, and everything immediately becomes as desired.

Since I found out how to get along with this big power the world has become a different affair altogether to me. I seem to feel that *I can eat it up*—so to speak. Whether I can actually do this or not makes no difference to the following great psychological truth: *In our power to accomplish things we are largely what we feel we are, and can mostly do what we feel we can do.*

This psycho-analytic medicine is *great stuff*. It isn't a patented prescription either, nor any secret "dope." Like many other misguided people, there was a time when I used to wail over my lack of ability to concentrate. Lord! I used to work overtime at the repining business.

Yes! That old cave-man psychologist put one over on me just in the same way that he did on a lot of other people. It is a good job that he is dead. That old idiot was responsible for my having wasted a lot of valuable time, and missing a great many opportunities—like many other gullible victims—and simply because I absorbed the unadulterated rot which that old official humbug dispensed to a confiding public during his term of self-assumed authority.

Mental concentration consists simply in doing one thing at a time, but doing that one thing in a designed and orderly manner. It is as simple in principle and as easy to accomplish as it would be to clear out a drawer of variegated oddments and rubbish, to sort out the various items in their respective piles, and then to store them away in their rightful places.

That is all that I have done in writing this book.

I had a tremendous mass of variegated ideas in my mental drawer relating to psycho-analysis; and so I went to work and sorted them out in orderly arrangement so that the reader could have the advantage of using them. To jump from one metaphor to another (again), I simply arranged my subject into twenty-six different mental pasturage areas, then split up those areas into smaller meadows of interest-patches; and sometimes sub-divided those little interest-meadows into smaller attention-plots; *then just kept on mentally browsing.*

If, therefore, you happen to be one of the misguided individuals who has been brooding over an inability to concentrate, for heaven's sake readjust your mental perspective; and *do it now.* If you have gone to sleep on the back of that big power of yours, and have allowed it to browse just where it liked, and as it liked, that is *your* fault, and not the fault of the *power.*

Or, if you have been asleep, and on awakening have decided that you wanted to push that big attention-power somewhere or other where there was no interest-fodder, and it politely declined to be pushed, the outcome is also your own fault.

There is practically no limit to the possibilities that you can get out of that big animal; but you must understand it. The big, powerful brute really has an affectionate disposition; but it doesn't like to be prodded. Furthermore, if any prodding does take place there is liable to be some very serious trouble between prodder and prodd-ee.

No prodding is necessary. Lord! You can run right along, and that big power will come lumbering after you like a purring kitten. It will drop the last

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nibble of *interest-herbage* and follow after you at the first beckoning towards *fresh interest-pastures*. All that it requires of you is to be supplied with *interest, interest, INTEREST*.

It is a wonderful power; and he who learns to understand it can accomplish wonderful results.

CHAPTER XXI
LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

EVER go hunting for trouble?
It isn't altogether such a bad idea.

Of course a great deal will depend on the sort of trouble for which you hunt, where you go to do the hunting, and the way you treat the trouble when you meet it.

Some people manage to get into most serious trouble in looking for trouble; so much so, in fact, that after the trouble is over they have only the haziest idea of what the trouble has been about.

That's the sort of trouble to keep away from.

Still, there are certain troubles worth looking into; and the closer the better.

Like other ordinary persons, it is very probable that you have run across people whom you may describe as *giving you a pain*. They seem to rub you the wrong way, and generate in you a feeling of hostility. How would it be if you took a little walk and hunted up one of these pain-giving individuals, and deliberately got him to hand you out a full-sized dose of that "pain feeling"?

Of course, it would be just as well to utilize some discretion in this trouble-hunting expedition. I would not advise you, for example, to pick out an abnormally developed specimen of the belligerent tribe when he

happens to be in his most pain-inflicting mood and tell him what you think of him.

In this trouble-hunting I want you to look for troubles not in other people, but in yourself: in your own personal sensations.

You see, many times you have run up against the person who "gives you a pain"; and then you have run away in a hurry so that you can nurse it all by yourself. The result is that you become so interested in experiencing the pain that has been inflicted on you that you forget to keep in touch with the realities of things.

Now, if you go about it in the right way, and use a little of that attention-power that I explained to you in the last chapter, you can get a great deal of interesting enlightenment from your pain experience.

Having found the necessary victim, open up connections with him. If he happens to be a seller of something, pose as a possible purchaser; if he is a lawyer, pretend to be a possible client.

If this gentleman has given you a goodly sized pain on former occasions, the chances are that the present experience is not going to be any exception; and, if this pain is handled rightly, we may be able to get something out of it.

Now, a pain, whether mental or physical, is a pain. That is, it is the direct opposite to a pleasure. So although it is possible that we might find it somewhat hard at times to define precisely just what a pleasure is, nearly every one of us finds it fairly easy to describe what a pain is. If we can't find any more explicit definition, we can at least say that *a pain is a feeling of being hurt.*

When this victim of yours has said or done enough to stir up within you a sufficient dose of that *hurt feeling*, take your specimen of pain off to your private laboratory for analysis while it is *quite fresh*. There is nothing like a good dose of freshly inflicted pain if the best results from an analysis are desired.

Now go to work and bring your attention-power to bear on that pain. Put little rings of attention-interest over it, and go over each such little area carefully, looking at all particulars of the sensation which you have undergone in that connection.

Something that your pain dispenser said or did produced some form of reaction in you which was not pleasant. In itself this is not altogether unusual; for that matter, we see and hear very many things every day that are not enjoyable, yet we have not *gone to pieces over them*; i.e., have not become convulsed in an emotional storm.

It may be that you are candid enough to acknowledge that the fault for this experience is your own. In fact, you may even be generous enough to admit that you have given the other chap as big a dose of pain as he handed out to you.

Still, that is not going far enough. What we want to find out is *why* an emotional storm became generated in your unconscious over this experience. To say that the blame is our own will not help matters; we are out on a technical exploration and not on any philosophic jaunt.

In the experience in question, three features are involved. First there is the something or other that has been said or done, or left unsaid or left undone, by the trouble dispenser; then there is the effect of that some-

thing or other on yourself; finally there is the line of connection between these two.

After we have pulled about that particular pain specimen, have shredded it into bits, and have browsed around every little patch of interest matter contained in it, we are going to find that there is not a thing in it that justified any exaggerated reaction. So if there has been any pronounced emotional commotion, with no justifiable conscious reason for it, then there must exist some definite unconscious causes for such sensations.

Even if we do not get any further than this for a while, what we have thus far accomplished will aid considerably in broadening our concepts and realizations as to how the conscious behaviour reflects the character and tendencies of submerged mental processes. And if we begin to realize that we are carrying around within us a sort of *touchy second self* that we don't seem to know very much about, yet which is pronouncedly influencing our conscious mental attitude in some unknown manner, we ought to take a little interest in such phenomena. To say the least, it should be considered somewhat humiliating to have to acknowledge that the conscious personality is being made a sort of jumping-jack by some underlying and non-apprehended unconscious influence.

After you have taken home a few specimens of pain to be analysed you are going to make an interesting discovery. You are going to discover, in fact, that it does not make much difference what the particular pain specimen you have taken for analysis may happen to be—the outcome of such analysis will always be pretty much the same. And when such analytic determina-

tions have become narrowed down to fundamentals, it will be found that you have not been upset by anything that has been either said or done. You will find that you have been upset solely because you have not had your own way, or because you have considered that you have been subjected to some slight, or have not been made enough of, or have had some other infantile susceptibility rubbed the wrong way.

Such emotional storms are simply the "wailings" of mental infantilism. By such outbreaks we betray the fact that we are carrying around within us mental qualities that have never grown up; vestiges of psychical attributes have been fixed (anchored) at a primitive level and have never developed to adult maturity.

There is only one means of cure for such a form of stunted mental growth as this, and that is for it *to grow up*. And the first step in this necessary growing-up process is to realize the imperative necessity for its doing so.

The phenomena of mental anchorages are now recognized to be responsible for a multitude of temperamental weaknesses and psychical aberrations. In some particular or other the general mental life has not developed evenly; there has been an arrest of some emotional quality.

It is not necessary to go on any extensive pilgrimage in order to obtain specimens of troubles and pains for analysis; many of them enter our own private preserves uninvited and unannounced. In all such instances, however, the same principles of analysis hold good; and the more that we apply these principles the faster will be our progress in *growing up*.

The student in self-analysis should make a point of taking every experience of the daily life in which there has been an exaggerated reaction and of *analysing it exhaustively*, no matter whether the experience has to do with anger, depression, anxieties, or actual oppressive physical happenings. Under such treatment the *imaginary* predisposing factors become apprehended and nullified, and *the real oppressions become alleviated*.

Remember my smoking experience. In that instance the attention-power was directed (led) to the *craving factor*; and there was no jumping of fences to adjacent pastures. That craving had to stand or fall on its own merits. And when it was thus left alone to stand by itself, and to sustain the full force of individual analysis, it became *disintegrated*—or, to be more exact, it was found *not to exist*.

The same principle of analysis should be utilized in relation to those experiences of the daily life where exaggerated reactions occur. Such exaggerated reactions (outbreaks, moods, tendencies, etc.) should not be valued at their face aspects; their motivating causes must be traced. When this is done it will be found that these exaggerated reactions have not resulted from any experience of *the here and the now*, but because some old unconscious sore spot has been irritated.

No more stupid mistake was ever made than the assumption that years of life necessarily imply mental maturity. Many people live to a ripe old age, and, for that matter, leave distinguishing marks of definite accomplishments behind them in the world, and yet go to their graves with some aspects of their personalities still fixed at an infantile level. Many of the tempera-

mental weaknesses of otherwise great historical characters are attributable to such conditions as these.

The well-developed personality should be like a *sphere*, a rounded-out mental growth that can present to all angles of experience an even resistance. Weaknesses of temperament and emotional instabilities are like *hollows* on the surface of such a sphere; they are parts that have been retarded in development; parts that have never become filled out.

By analysis these hollows can be determined; and by persistent application wonderful progress can be made in rounding them out.

As previously indicated, the first step in this rounding-out process is to apprehend the existence of such undesirable conditions; for, sadly enough, most personalities are grievously blind to the existence of their own defects. And in this connection it will be obvious that self-analysis is not a psychical pastime for the mentally complacent.

When you turn your head away from your faults and weaknesses and try to deny their existence, you only succeed in turning that side of your disposition, your worst side, to the world. Instead of hiding such faults and weaknesses, you have therefore only advertised them.

Instead of denying the existence of weaknesses, *analyse them*. Instead of seeking to find the cause for some exaggerated emotional reaction in some environmental influence, *hunt for it in the composition of your own temperament*.

The self-analytic method enables one to acquire greater mental and psychical strength and better temperamental adjustment by recognizing and treat-

ing exposed weaknesses. It is a method whereby the personality attains to greater strength by apprehending its own defects.

Psycho-analysis is not a belief: it is a practice. It is not a faith: it is a mode of living.

CHAPTER XXII

GRUBBING FOR MIND WORMS

WE will now do a little grubbing for *mind worms*.
"Good heavens! What next?" you exclaim.

Perhaps I am the first person to use such a term; still, I hardly think that I really coined it. I was reflecting on certain pathologic conditions in connection with unconscious mental life when the designation *mind worms* occurred to me with suggestive significance.

I cannot make any special claims for euphonioussness in relation to the term in question; for that matter, in an etymological sense, I suppose it is a sort of mongrel. But there have been some mongrels that have been quite useful and valuable—more so, in fact, than some of the pedigreed varieties.

Now, in relation to ordinary worms and worm life in general I cannot say that I am much of an authority.

There is one thing that I do know about worms, however, they are a bad lot; all of them.

If they would only let the little kiddies alone it would not be so bad; but they seem to molest children worse than they do grown-ups.

No, like yourself, I don't like worms.

Do you remember any scenes of your early childhood?

Like everyone else, probably, you have memories of little incidents which stand out clearly in your mind

every time that you allow your thoughts to travel back to your days of childhood. Have you ever wondered why some little, apparently trivial incident should stand out so prominently and persistently in your juvenile memories?

In your childhood days you had many millions of little daily experiences. But over practically the whole of these daily happenings a curtain of seemingly impenetrable forgetfulness has fallen. Yet, here and there, an exception occurs; some little incident, oftentimes seemingly trivial, stands out in clear outline.

I am hoping that, by this time, the reader has realized that there is no element of chance in mental phenomena. So, if the comparatively small number of juvenile memories that persist into adult life are in relation to seemingly trivial and apparently commonplace incidents, there must be some very definite reasons for such persistences.

You will have remembered what I have said about so-called *funny dreams*, and of the applicability of the small boy's expression thereto that "there ain't none." Well, I have another shock for you now: *There are no innocent memories of childhood's trivial experiences.*

I am going to show you how you can find out that, no matter how seemingly innocent or apparently trivial an incident may appear, around which a juvenile memory persistently revolves, when such memories are dug into by the psycho-analytic method they are found to contain something of significant interest; they contain *mind worms: parasitic influences.*

If you are shocked to hear this, I cannot help it. But it is better to be shocked and enlightened than to be unshocked and remain unenlightened.

Those seemingly innocent memories of childhood are known as *cover-memories*; and if you will use *the pick and shovel of the free association method*, and dig into those cover-memories, you will find that they always serve to cover up something: and something that is unpleasant.

Of course, if you so desire, you can hurl a few brick-bats of vehement denials at my head for shattering another very common delusion—if that indulgence will serve to relieve your feelings. *En passant*, though, I will suggest that, after you have slain me in effigy, it wouldn't be a bad idea if you took your psychological pick and shovel and did the little bit of digging which I have suggested. This can be done just as a matter of form, you know; not that you will believe that you will find what I have intimated.

After you have applied those free-association implements, and have dug into some of your nice little memories, you are going to find concealed therein just what I intimated, viz., *mental worms*. But that won't matter. You will have slain me (mentally of course) for having said something that was disagreeable and unacceptable; and even if it transpires that what I said happened to be true, it won't make much difference.

What business has anyone (even a self-made psychologist) to speak unpalatable truths?

Now, I have very little use for that gentleman (or lady) who is well known as *the candid friend*; or for any person who specializes in saying unpleasant things as he (or she) passes along through life, and who does this, apparently, for the satisfaction derived therefrom. Such a person is, in reality, a *sadist*. He (or she) likes

to inflict pain; and he (or she) likes to do this by reason of a perversion in his (or her) instincts. The practical joker is one of his (or her) near relatives.

Thank goodness, I'm not a sadist. On the contrary, I believe that I possess a decent-sized bump of compassion for any form of suffering. And if I cannot help a fellow-mortal who happens to be a bit down, I will take good care that I do not go out of my way to injure him. So if I am saying anything here that hurts at first, just try to be a little patient. Eventually, I believe, you will be able to recognize where the good will come in. If I take anything away from you, I shall try hard to give you something better in its place.

I believe in *construction*. Wreckers and junk dealers are all very well in their way; but we never find their names in the *Who's Who* of history.

The majority of such experiences that mould the conscious conduct in so many ways, and thereby profoundly influence personality, *occur in early childhood*. It must not be inferred, however, that when these repressions take place the juvenile mind is torn by any conflicting emotions; or that he fights out any psychical battle in his consciousness.

The repressions of childhood occur *involuntarily*; and are accomplished by means of a *shock*. The emotional reaction that consequently takes place is automatic—mechanical. Not only is there no intellectual action involved: there is not any conscious apprehension of what has taken place.

Now, then, what is the difference between a savage and a cultured personality? I don't mean anything in relation to ethics, but concerning principles governing social demands upon personal behaviour.

The briefest consideration will show that there are a thousand and one things that a savage may do with propriety which the civilized child must not do.

For the first year or so of life, no personal obligations are imposed upon the child; but a time arrives when such obligations are imposed on the budding personality.

First come questions of personal cleanliness, after which the developing emotions and impulses have to be cared for. The result of all this is that, during the first few years of its life, the child is subjected to a perpetual series of *don'ts* and *mustn'ts*.

In course of time the brain of the child becomes sufficiently developed to think and act on its own behalf; with the result that the *don'ts* and *mustn'ts* become (or should become) less and less in number, and farther and farther between, and personal efforts become correspondingly strengthened.

The child comes into the world with the heritage of untold ages of a primitive ancestral pedigree in its psychical instincts; after which larval stage it has to develop its own individual status of cultural responsibility.

This cultural development is fraught with many difficulties; so that, in spite of the hedgings of *don'ts* and *mustn'ts*, etc., with which it is surrounded, the trail of the child from the plains of primitive impulses up to the highlands of individual responsibility is difficult, painful, and often *humiliating*. Few indeed are those who attain their goal without bearing in their psychical complexion some traces of the grime of their struggles and experiences.

The reader should note that word *humiliating*, for it

is those experiences in which the child has suffered humiliation which constitute the spawn from which mind worms develop.

If we go far enough down in the zoological scale we come across a little chap known by the name of *Mr. Protozoon*. He is very, very primitive in his ways, and correspondingly simple in his physical constitution—when compared with some of his neighbours higher up on the evolutionary ladder.

The *protozoan* family is rather large, and varied in characteristics; but we will consider only generalities.

He has no head or tail, no legs or arms. He is just—*body*. And an extremely primitive body at that—as bodies go; for he has neither nervous system nor digestive apparatus—considering nervous systems and digestive apparatuses as we generally know them.

Notwithstanding that little *Mr. Protozoon* has no legs with which to travel, no hands with which to feel, no brain with which to think, he nevertheless manages to travel a great deal, feel a great deal more, and if he doesn't think he does something that answers his purpose just as well. Even though he has no nervous system he senses certain environmental influences quite acutely.

As a matter of fact the *protozoon* is an extremely adaptable little chap.

For instance, although this lowly specimen of life has no legs, he can make some to order if he happens to want them at any time. Furthermore, when he has no further use for such specially constructed legs, he simply pulls them into his little body again. And whenever he has another requirement in this respect,

well, he just throws out new sets of arms or legs, and that's all there is to it.

Scientists call these little improvised legs and arms *pseudopodia*.

Now, although the little *protozoon* has no brain with which to think, nor any nervous system with which to feel : he can nevertheless *feel*.

This little chap adapts himself to environment largely by reason of an inherent generalized sensitiveness. So, although he has no nervous system, if any of his improvised limbs come into contact with some disagreeable substance, he reacts accordingly. He reacts by immediately withdrawing his pseudopodic feelers from the danger zone, and taking them back into his body. In a sense he *shrivels up*.

I would like you now to try to define in a few words how you would feel if you were subjected to an intense humiliation.

I'll tell you how *I* should define such an experience : I should say that one's self just *shrivels up*.

In our big, grown-up, supposedly highly evolved mental attitude, we shrivel up when we are intensely humiliated—just like the little protozoon does when in danger. Furthermore, we do this shrivelling up just as instinctively, and therefore just as involuntarily, as does that little protoplasmic body.

Now, if we grown-ups shrivel up when subjected to intense humiliation, how do you suppose a little kiddie of four or five years of age feels when *he* or *she* is intensely humiliated?

Perhaps you may think that the child is not as susceptible to an emotional reaction under humiliating experiences as we grown-up folks are : that it does not

feel as keenly as we do. Well, if anyone entertains such erroneous ideas, then the sooner he readjusts his mental perspective the better it will be for him and particularly so for any poor kiddie who may happen to be under his care.

Perhaps the powers of mental apprehension are not sufficiently developed in the child to render him exposed to as many varieties of humiliating sensations as an adult might be liable to; but be it always remembered that when a child does suffer from humiliation he suffers *clean through*. He suffers from top to bottom; from one side to the other. He quivers with distress in every cell of his little body. *He shrivels up*—just as the little protozoa do.

Fortunately, the child, like his minute distant cousin, is an adaptable little animal, and many of his troubles slip off him like drops of water from the duck's back. Nevertheless, whenever he *does* feel humiliation he feels it *intensely*.

Such a feeling does not last long, however, but it is acute, and the resulting reactions involuntary. Hence, as far as external evidences are concerned (to the uninitiated), nothing unusual has taken place. Unfortunately, however, it is this involuntary, quickly covered-up aspect of the reaction, that constitutes its dangerous character. Something has occurred in the psychic life of the child (in its unconscious mental life) which later on may gravely influence the temperamental attitude of the matured personality.

In its struggle to free itself from the bonds of its evolutionary heritage, and in its efforts to attain to an acceptable status of cultural responsibility, the child is for ever *feeling its way*. It is continually endeavour-

ing to *sense* its environment. And whenever I endeavour to visualize the mental attitude of the child in this unfolding process I think of the pseudopodic efforts of the lowly protozoa. They are always *feeling, feeling, feeling*.

And, like the little patch of protozoan slime, while feeling, the child sometimes *gets hurt*. In this experience, as with its infinitesimal protoplasmic cousin, *it shrinks back—withdraws into itself. It shrivels up*.

In such shrinking back the child acts instinctively; no intellectual activities are involved; the child simply follows a blind, primitive impulse.

Having *reached out* in a certain direction, and having come into contact with something by which it was injured, that direction will for evermore be a *danger zone* to the psychic instincts of the child; a zone from which it will for ever possess an inherent aversion; and from which it will for ever try to keep away—just like the little protozoan speck of life does.

Hereafter it will not make any difference how much the conditions may vary, circumstances differ, or the general contributing influences be dissimilar. Whenever the personality that has been thus wounded in its psychic life comes into contact with an agency which arouses sensations similar to those which were experienced at the time that the hurt was inflicted, *it will instinctively shrink*, and thereby act as if it were trying to avoid some pending danger.

Thus will it be all through such a person's life down to the grave. Conditions may vary, circumstances differ, and general contributing influences be wholly dissimilar, so that the "danger" from which the mature personality shrinks is no danger at all; that

will make no difference. The *tendency* to shrink, and exaggeratedly to react to such conditions, has become *instinctive*.

This tendency to shrink from and exaggeratedly react to a stimulus which earlier in life aroused pain, is a cardinal principle of the evolutionary mentality in man, and consists in an ability to *profit by experience*.

A psychical shock means an actual *hurt*; and when the psychic life of the child has undergone such an experience there is an instinctive effort to remedy the injury. In this effort towards remedying the trouble which it has experienced the psychic life does instinctively just what a developed intellectual life oftentimes tries to do designedly, viz., it *represses*. There is an instinctive effort to *forget*. And as this instinctive life is blind, and operates irrespective of any actual conscious activity, it accomplishes its *forgetting* by the only means at its disposal: *it tries to cover up—to bury*.

If you wanted to hide something, you would not put that something in a prominent place, or stick up a flag to mark the spot. You would endeavour to cover it up in such a way that the hiding-place would be as seemingly commonplace and natural as possible.

Well, those memories of your early childhood's life are *cover-memories—hiding-places*. They indicate points in your early life where you covered up some thing, and did so unconsciously—*instinctively*. They mark the places in your infantile life when the psychical activities suffered from some wounding influence.

As previously intimated, the child's struggle towards a cultural status is a hard experience at its best. It consists in one persistent effort to rise above primitive tendencies. Hence, irrespective of the fences and

hedges of *no-no's* and *don't-do-that's*, the little inquisitive "pseudopodic" *interest feelers* of the child are continually *reaching out: always feeling, feeling, feeling.*

Some day or other, in relation to something or other, the child is caught indulging in some little primitive (cave child) action, and instead of its sensitive mental pseudopodias being gently detached, and the *urge of interest* sympathetically directed in a direction more suitable to the child's welfare, some form of drastic action is meted out to it. With the result that the child suffers *a psychological shock; it is humiliated; it shrivels up.*

There then ensues an instinctive effort to remedy the injury that has been inflicted, and this effort takes the form of *covering up the memory of the experience; burying it.* There is an instinctive effort at *repression.*

As something has to be covered up, something or other has to be utilized in order to do the covering up. And as some particularly significant, painful, and humiliating memory is to be buried, the logical material to use for the covering-up process will naturally be some insignificant and non-humiliating memory material.

There are very good reasons for assuming that many of those covering memories are not actual individual memories at all, but merely *pseudo-memories*; that instead of being memories of concrete experiences they are of a *composite character*, built up of fragments of various memories, so that a mental picture becomes constructed which is purely in the interest of *disguise.*

I analysed my dreams, and applied the psycho-analytic method to the exaggerated reactions in my

daily experiences; and in this work I found that the Freudian contentions "ran true to form." But when I tried to analyse my "cover-memories" I failed to make much progress. In such efforts almost all that I could accomplish by means of the free association method was a flitting from memory to memory, hither and thither, round and round, without uncovering any latent motivating factors.

One of these early memories is as follows :

I am about eight years of age. Am living with my father and mother in a thatched cottage in Cornwall, where I was born. One afternoon I am in front of this cottage and am amusing myself by throwing a small round stone on to the roof, waiting for it to roll down, and then throwing it up again. My mother comes out of the doorway just as the stone is falling, and is struck on the head. The stone happens to strike my mother's head where it is protected by a coil of hair. My mother is not therefore badly hurt; but she puts her hand up to her head and says, "You naughty boy." I am much frightened, but feel very relieved to be let off so easily.

Everything about that mental picture is clear. I can see the cottage now in detail, the relative positions of myself and my mother, the slant of the sun's afternoon's rays, and all such particulars. I can also hear my mother's voice and the words she used. And I carried that mental picture as an actual concrete memory of an individual occurrence for over forty years. Yet I know now that the scene in question is not a memory of some one particular occurrence, but is a mosaic of memories constituting a *covering mental picture*.

That seeming memory is nothing but a resourceful

camouflage to cover over a psychical injury. Such mental pictures are *pseudo-memories*.

I will tell you how I ascertained the true character of many such "memories": I had been using the memory which I have described for the purpose of developing flows of free associations of ideas, but with negative results. One day the thought occurred to me to treat those mental pictures as I would a dream, viz., to split them up into their elemental parts, utilize those elements as stimulus ideas for free association efforts, and then to apply some of the symbolical translations explained in Chapter XVII.

As soon as I commenced to apply these methods *the secret was out*.

After some efforts at analysing along these new lines, I soon found that the mental pictures of the doorway, my mother's upraised hand, her coil of hair, her head, her face, the stone, the thatched roof, the slanting rays of the afternoon's sun, the words, "You naughty boy," etc., were *all symbolical in their nature*. I found that they were as symbolical, suggestive, and significant as all elements of an actual dream always are.

Many times, as a boy, I had thrown stones; many times I had seen that thatched roof; many times I had seen that cottage doorway; many times I had seen my mother come out of that doorway; many times I had seen my mother put her hand to her head; many times I had seen that coil of hair on my mother's head; many times I had seen the slanting rays of the afternoon's sun in front of that cottage; many times I had felt relieved at hearing something or other—and at *not* hearing something or other!; and many times I had heard my mother (and other people) say, "You naughty

boy." *But I know now that I never experienced all of those particular incidents grouped into one happening at any one particular time.*

I know now that that particular occurrence never really took place.

I eventually analysed the significance of the mental pictures of the doorway, the coil of hair, the upraised hand, the stone, the thatched roof, the sun's slanting rays, and the words, "You naughty boy"; and thereby found out why I felt particularly relieved when my mother let me off so easily in that *never-occurred memory* picture.

I traced the ideas that those mental pictures symbolized down to their sources in my unconscious mind, and thereby uncovered the buried memories which they actually represented.

Yes. There were *mind worms* underneath those "memories."

I found out something more. I found out that the real scene, the painful scene, the experience which caused the wound to my psychic life, did not take place on an afternoon when the sun's rays were glistening, nor did it occur *outside* that little thatched cottage. I found out that the *real memory* pertained to something that occurred *inside* the cottage, in the *dark*, and on a winter's *morning*.

Note the resourceful transpositions (by inversion) of outside to inside, of sunlight to darkness, of afternoon to winter's morning, etc. In addition to which significant details, the skilled psycho-analyst will discern many instances of suggestive *unconscious vernacular* in the pictorialized ideas in question, and will apprehend their symbolical import.

I then proceeded to analyse the rest of my "innocent" memories of childhood; and with similar results. By thus splitting up all of such "memories" into their elemental parts, and using these as stimulus points for developing free associations of ideas, and resourcefully interpreting symbolical renderings—in fine, by psycho-analysing the whole range of the phenomena—the true character of these "memories" became revealed.

I have in similar manner disintegrated and interpreted "memories" relating to incidents that occurred at a time when I could only have been about three or four years old; though in most of such cases I have been unable to anchor their happenings to sufficient evidence to make the exact time of their experience definite. One such instance, however, I have definitely identified as having occurred just a month before I was six years of age. It will thus be seen that the "worms" that I uncovered in that particular instance hatched out in my poor little unconscious mind during my fifth year.

It is nearly always thus. The influences that affect the general complexion of the psychic life of the individual occur mostly when the child is about five years of age. All empirical psychologists are now agreed upon that conclusion.

When I traced the roots of the *pictured ideas* of that cottage door, that coil of hair, that thatched roof, the afternoon's sun's slanting rays, the words, "You naughty boy," etc., I uncovered the *real memories* which were involved. I found out what I did, and what happened to me. I therefore found out *what had hurt me*.

Now, what I did in that particular case was not so very terrible, when viewed from an adult standpoint. I only did just what countless other kiddies have done, and what countless others will continue to do. I had been just a little sexually curious, and in manifesting that curiosity had been *found out*. And the act of being found out was *painful*.

In my childlike way I *shrivelled up*. My psychic life had been seriously wounded. Something very serious consequently happened; for from that point in my life the channel of a certain emotional attribute took on a considerably modified course, and with consequent undesirable effects on the subsequent adult personality.

Having experienced a severe wound, my infantile psychic life instinctively commenced to *heal it*. (Just as the little protozoon would do.)

This instinctive attempt to heal the psychical wound took the form of burying and covering up all memories in relation to the incident that occurred. Now, there is only one way for *any* memory to be covered up, and that is to use some other memory for the purpose. And as the memory that is to be covered up is a *significant* element, the memory used for the covering purposes must be apparently *insignificant*, and wholly devoid of any *humiliating* influences.

In the instance which I have described, my instinctive ability to bury a painful experience did quite a good job. It succeeded in burying the memory of that incident which occurred on a winter's morning so effectually that I never had the least suspicion that anything unusual had ever taken place. In fact, I should probably have gone to my grave unaware of the

true meaning of a mental picture which I had carried in my mind for over forty years if I had not applied Freud's dream technique of analysis to cover-memories.

Self-analyse your own cover-memories.

To do this, treat such mental pictures precisely as you would a dream. Split the "memories" up into their elemental parts, and use those elements as stimulus ideas for developing free associations of ideas.

In analysing the particular "memory" which I have described, I split the composite picture into the following elements: *Front of cottage—cottage door—thatched roof—stone—throwing stone—mother's head—mother's hair—mother's upraised hand—coil of hair—afternoon bright sunlight—slanting rays of sunbeams—the words: "you," "naughty," and "boy."*

In taking any one element as a stimulus for free associations, simply forget every other element. Act as if you are taking some particular object from a pile of other objects, and taking it away somewhere to investigate and study it *by itself*. The more simple the particular element which is being used as a stimulus is, the more fertile are the results which may be expected.

It is not necessary to analyse fully the whole of any one cover-memory before proceeding to some other memory. Oftentimes the most startling results transpire when the mind is permitted to jump from one element in one cover-memory, to some element in some other covering memory, where the conditions, aspects, and general complexion of the two sets of memories and elements are entirely dissimilar and apparently unrelated.

In analysing these memories, in analysing dream phenomena, the associations often commence to become

involved, fluctuating, and indefinite, and in other ways are hard to disentangle. Such experiences always indicate the activity of pronounced unconscious resistances to the uncovering efforts.

It must be remembered that the unconscious mental life operates mechanically. And as, at some time or other, under some condition or other, the psychic life experienced a wound, the memory of that wound was painful; it therefore instinctively tried to heal the wound by the only means within its power: it buried up the memory relating to the painful experience.

As the unconscious psychic life acts mechanically, its activities are purely instinctive. And as it acted instinctively in burying the painful memory in question, *it is instinctively going to continue to try to keep it buried.* Therefore, as you commence to dig down after the buried memory, that instinctive psychic life is going to try to bury it deeper. For as the unconscious mind cannot reason, it is unable to apprehend that it will serve the personality's best interest in yielding up its buried secret; it is unable to realize that it is the personality itself which is trying to uncover that which has been buried.

This opposition to analysis is known as *resistance*. It is one of the most important obstacles that have to be overcome in analytic efforts.

These resistances will assume many forms, and will be disguised in such resourceful ways that the consciousness will always be in danger of being side-tracked. For that matter this same instinct did its work so well in my own experience that it blinded me completely in relation to those so-called memories of mine. In fact, I had not the least suspicion of the real

character of things until I applied Freud's dream technique to my cover-memories. Hence it is only natural to suppose that this same resourceful influence will continue to operate to the best of its powers. In a struggle between a scientific technique and a blind instinct, however, the outlook is favourable for the former.

These resistances will take the form of a desire to put off analysing, to incline strenuously to deny that those cover-memories are *pseudo*-memories, and to assert that they are *real* memories. They also take the form of mental lethargy and indifference. On top of this there will be a persistent inclination to endeavour to interpret certain nice and comforting ideas into the pictured symbols of the cover-memories, and in a thousand and one ways to interpose every obstacle to the self-analytic efforts. After a little time, however, when the student has experienced a few solutions to some of his memory elements, a feeling of determination to persist will develop, so that it will be only a question of time for very definite progress to be discernible.

Go after those seemingly innocent memories of your childhood. Dig into those apparently trivial memories of insignificant incidents which have persisted into your adult remembrances. Use your free-association pick and shovel on those hillocks in the symmetrical contour of your psychic life, and thereby penetrate into their *cores*. And as you thus dig, the sunlight of a better state of mental hygiene will be let in upon those hidden sores of the personality, and will thereby cleanse the darkened places of the innermost self. By these measures the cankering agents which have hitherto been

festering in the unconscious mental life will become drained of their morbid qualities.

Many of the instances of extreme sensitiveness in individuals result from the existence in the unconscious mental life of such sore spots as those which I have indicated; and most of the exaggerated reactions under what is in reality normal stimuli are motivated by such conditions as these.

If some experience or other was extremely serious to the sensitive mental organism of the child, and the memory of that experience has been buried (cut off, dissociated from conscious apprehension), then it has no chance to become modified. Consequently, if the memory of an experience was humiliating and painful when it became buried (cut off from the consciousness), it continues to be humiliating and painful to the end of the chapter—unless it is *dug out*, brought up into the light and recognition of consciousness, and thereby made to become a part of that consciousness.

As soon as this "digging out" has been accomplished the morbid influences of the painful memory become sterilized. That which was a humiliating and extremely painful memory to the tender and susceptible child becomes of comparatively trivial import when brought into alignment with the adult mental attitude.

Break open the seals which your infant mind instinctively placed over the wounds of its early experiences. Bring the disinfecting influences of an adult hygienic mental attitude to bear on hidden sores in your buried psychic life; and thereby drain off morbid agents which have prevented the personality from attaining its logical heritage of strength and general well-being.

CHAPTER XXIII

INFANTILE ADULTS

IN writing the present book I have tried to *write as one talks, to be myself, and not to stick on literary airs*. I have also tried to interest those for whom the book is specially written—the general public. And, finally, let me add that what I have written is not to be looked upon as a text-book, but rather as a *self-guide and working manual*.

In relation to the terms of charities, wills, bequests, foundations, etc., we often hear used the term *dead hand*. It is a term which has been coined (more or less uncharitably perhaps) as a protest against the interests of the living being fettered by the wishes of the dead. It indicates a more or less justifiable sentiment that after a person has lived *his* own life as he has largely wanted to do, he has no logical right to impose restrictions on posterity.

The term *dead hand* makes me think of something which is even more significant, and which relates to the human personality, i.e., *the dead influence*.

Many people develop to adult mentality, apparently go through life as self-governing units, finally pass on after a fullness of years with a more or less creditable achievement behind them; yet they have never lived actually independent, individual existences, but go to *their graves manacled and bound by dead influences*.

Whenever a mental reaction deviates from the normal

it takes one of two general courses—the *extroversive* or the *introversive*.

By *extroversion* it is implied that the personality tends under certain influences to “fly off,” to react outwardly against the world; to force, to struggle, and to be generally aggressive.

The opposite takes place in *introversion*: the personality retires, seeks repose, and shrinks from environmental menaces.

The *extrovert* seeks power, strives to lead, is aggressive, restive under authority, belligerent, and tries to force his will upon others. The *introvert* is submissive, retiring, shirks responsibility, and is content to follow.

It may be asked whether developing an extroversive or introversive trend is definitely conditioned by ascertainable influences, or whether it “just happens”? As previously emphasized, however, no mental phenomena “just happen.” Neither extroverts nor introverts are born: *they are made*.

If a child is trained according to ideal influences he will be neither extroversive nor introversive, but will be balanced at a centre between the two extremes. And any deviation from such a centre of normality indicates that the personality has been unduly affected by the “dead hand” of wrong influences.

Cover-memories relate to experiences in the life of the child where a psychical shock has been sustained; but in the conditions which produce extroversive or introversive psychical trends no shocks are involved; the causal agents are *persistent* in their character. In a general sense, extroversion and introversion result because the tender susceptibilities of the child have been unduly repelled from, or attracted by, the charac-

teristics of those with whom it is brought into most intimate and persistent association, viz., the parents or guardians. When the influence upon the child is extroversive, *i.e.*, when it is repelled, the pathological result is known psycho-analytically as a *complex*. When the influence is introversive, *i.e.*, when it is unduly attracted, the pathological result is known psycho-analytically as a *fixation*.

The terms *complex* and *fixation* have much broader meanings than those indicated in the foregoing instances, but I am using them at this time in special relation to the two particular sets of conditions intimated.

If the psychic life of the child has been repelled by characteristics of the father, the pathological outcome is known psycho-analytically as a *father-complex*. If an opposite state of affairs exists, in which the psychic life of the child has been unduly influenced by the mother or nurse, the pathological outcome is known psycho-analytically as a *mother-fixation*.

It is possible for any of the following conditions to materialize in the development of the psychic life of the child, and out of them interminable combinations can develop :

- (a) *Father-complex*.
- (b) *Father-fixation*.
- (c) *Mother-complex*.
- (d) *Mother-fixation*.
- (e) *Father-complex plus Mother-fixation*.
- (f) *Father-fixation plus Mother-complex*.
- (g) *Father-Mother-complex*.
- (h) *Father-Mother-fixation*.

The intensity with which any of these influences, alone or combined, may affect the unfolding psychic life of the child will determine its whole future mental and temperamental outlook, and will affect its reactions to all life's experiences. In an *ideal* personality there would be no complexes nor fixations; but such personalities are exceedingly rare.

The influence of a complex is towards a tendency to manifest hastiness of temper, harshness of attitude, belligerence in disposition, intolerance of all forms of restraint, self-assertiveness, destructiveness, and imperiousness. Under such influence *the ego motivates outwardly; it is extroversive*.

The influence of a fixation is towards peacefulness in disposition, to deliberation of action, to be idealistic, to manifest a tendency to follow rather than to lead, and to have great respect for authority and precedent. In this type *the ego motivates inwardly; it is introversive*.

Between the extremes of these two governing trends an interminable combination of possibilities can develop; desirable qualities can neutralize undesirable ones, strengths can compensate weaknesses, constructive tendencies can offset those which incline towards being destructive, the idealistic and altruistic can counteract the egotistic and the brutally material, so that it is only in extremely rare instances that anyone can be considered wholly bad or wholly good. Generally speaking, the personality is a *compromise*.

Only too often, however, those who are the strongest and the most desirable in some temperamental qualifications are afflicted with some of the gravest weaknesses. On the other hand, in the type in which undesirable characteristics dominate, the general com-

plexion of the personality generally possesses some redeeming quality which stands out in pathetic isolation.

The basic trends of the personality are not hereditary, notwithstanding a popular inference to the contrary. The influences which generate or tend to develop such basic trends may persist from parent to child, but that is another consideration altogether.

A somewhat analogous condition exists in relation to tubercular afflictions. The tubercule germ is not transmitted. All that is transmitted is a physiological susceptibility.

Neither a hasty temper, an iconoclastic disposition, an egotistical attitude, nor any other emotional or temperamental characteristic is hereditary; the harrowing curse of such possibilities lies in the influence of undesirable characteristics on the part of parents or guardians. It is in this direction that the ineradicable results of harmful influences are to be feared.

There is no curse of heredity on the psychic life of the child, but only too often the child is sadly cursed with the maleficent agencies of an undesirable environment at a time when it is emerging from its chrysalis of psychical potentials.

In addition to the influences of complexes and fixations on the basic trends of the temperament and general mentality, further complications develop according to the extent to which the complex or fixation has been induced by the father or mother, or both.

All of life's yearnings and tendencies in the individual will be wholly determined by whether the complex or fixation involves a relation to the father or to the mother.

From the cursory sketch that has been given it will be seen that any such term as *strength of character* can

be extremely misleading. A so-called strength can, in reality, be a very serious weakness.

To be able to govern is an enviable quality; but to ignore the help of counsel is dangerous. To be restive under injustice is admirable; but all revolts should be regulated by deliberation. Respect for authority constitutes a fundamental of social organization; but to be blindly influenced by precedent spells evolutionary stagnation. Without the incentive of ideals the man herd would retrograde into savagery; but to lack aggressive force to accomplish such ideals is a manifestation of pathetic impotency.

It is possible to be a mental adult in some respects, and yet to be psychically infantile in others; and, sadly enough, most adult attainments are, at their best, *patchy*.

Of course, it is not possible for a person to dig up all the foundations of his personality, and then to rebuild according to a new and better design. But it certainly is possible to dig down, here and there, to inspect the general character of the foundations, and to strengthen, to modify, and generally to readjust various incidental features of those foundations.

It is fairly easy for everyone to ascertain the existence of *simple complexes* and *simple fixations*, to determine their general character and influence, and to a very substantial extent to disintegrate them. By the term *simple complex* or *simple fixation* is meant a complex or fixation so pronounced in character, so unmodified by compensating influences, as to constitute a glaring weakness in the personality.

The most common form of simple complex is in relation to the father, and the most common fixation is

in connection with the mother. This is because of the more consistently stern and dominating characteristics of the male parent, and of the correspondingly different mental disposition of the mother.

Of course these conditions can be reversed, so that it is the mother who is stern and dominating, while the father can reflect the opposite characteristics.

In its simplest aspects the result of a father-complex is a desire and tendency to revolt; to be restless. This is an involuntary reaction on the part of the ego to certain ill-judged repressive influences on the part of the father. There has been no shock to the child's psychic life to cause any involuntary revulsion; but *there has been a steady pressure of repressive influences.*

This undesirable and unnatural steady pressure produces a tendency on the part of the ego to *struggle*. It tries to secure a wider freedom of movement, but fails in its efforts because the persistently applied parental pressure has been too strong. The result is that there becomes developed in the psychic life of the child *a persistent tendency to struggle and to revolt*. Throughout life, in rights and in wrongs, sometimes with justice and sometimes with unreasoning passion, the person afflicted with a pronounced and unmodified complex is for ever resisting, revolting, fighting.

At its best the ego, under such influences, is always restless, a common instance of which is to be seen in the person who is always on the move. Flitting here and there, yet never satisfied, the ego in such instances is being constantly projected *outwardly*. Its whole urge is for ever reaching out: in a sadly literal sense it is always trying to break the psychical bonds which enmeshed it during its formative stage.

In the case of a mother-fixation an opposite set of conditions comes into play. We all know that the only way to develop and to strengthen a physiological function or mental quality is by use. In the case of a mother-fixation, therefore, the psychic life of the child can be said to have been *nursed into helplessness*. Too much confinement, solicitation, and precautionary measures have deadened the child's own initiative, with the result that there is an over-tendency to lean, to seek repose, and to avoid conditions where effort is necessary. Such a personality always craves for peace at any price.

In extreme instances of this type, the ego is always inclined to work inwardly; *to fall back on itself*, as it were. There is an ever-present inclination to become pensive, unnaturally quiet, and unduly reflective. The ego, instead of healthily applying itself to overcoming the difficulties of life, tends to gravitate inwardly, and is thereby always seeking within its own inner confines the peace, the succour, and the sympathy which were unduly lavished upon it during its formative stage, and for which it is always hungering.

Whatever unnatural repression or starvation is imposed upon the ego as it strives to unfold from its chrysalis of potentials, it will for ever struggle to adjust. Efforts at such adjustment will throughout life constitute its *urge*. Having in the one case been unduly confined, this urge will take the form of an ever-restless struggle outwardly; and in the other instances its capacity for making personal efforts to attain its infantile ends having been restrained, it ever afterwards seeks to find similar satisfaction for its psychical wants by introversive efforts.

It will thus be seen that the extreme effects of unmodified complexes or fixations are disastrous.

In a broad sense, the person with a father-complex goes through life for ever fighting the father-influence; while the person with a mother-fixation goes to the end of life's journey always shrinking from responsibility; always feeling, feeling for the mother-support.

Such are the *dead hands of complexes and fixations*.

The persons afflicted with complexes and fixations never attain to real psychological independence, but live and die—*infants*.

We curse the child by imposing on its psychic life our own imperfections. Having failed to attain to psychological freedom ourselves, we do our best to pass on the heritage of our own shortcomings to posterity. We pass on and oftentimes are forgotten; but the curse of our psychological imperfections has become perpetuated in the personalities we have sponsored. Thus do the influences of our dead selves pursue those whom we leave behind us.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the pronounced effects of complexes and fixations are fairly open to identification, and it is comparatively easy for anyone to apprehend the broad basic characteristics of one's own personality. But if it is hoped to accomplish any serious modification of these conditions something more than mere intellectual recognition is necessary. Some serious *mental excavation* must be undertaken. It is necessary to dig down into the unconscious so that certain conditions can be actually *seen*.

As a mental attitude, temperamental disposition, or psychological tendency is a product of specific individual influences, the memories of such specific individual

influences must be revived and disintegrated if any such attitude, disposition, or tendency is to become adjusted.

In order to modify the influence of a complex or fixation, at least some of the memories relating to the conditions under which they were actually created must be recovered by the consciousness. Simply to recognize the effects of a complex or fixation by reason of certain obvious conscious characteristics will not help much; for all the intellectual efforts which are brought to bear towards adjusting such characteristics are applied to what are, after all, merely *symptoms*. To remove the *causes* of such symptoms the actual underlying motivating factors must be *exposed*. We cannot hope to put our enemies to flight by merely making a noise; there has to be a fight, and at *close quarters* at that.

The most common experience is that of a father-complex and a mother-fixation; yet, of course, the student must not *infer* anything, but must actually determine the existing conditions. Naturally, all the specific memories relating to actual incidents connected with the formation of the complex or fixation are buried in the obscurity of forgetfulness. Nevertheless, here and there will be *outcroppings* of such memories; although the true nature of such outcroppings will not be recognized.

These outcroppings are your cover-memories.

Now, cover-memories relate to specific incidents, but they have also a far deeper significance; for a deep analysis will invariably reveal that they are also linked up with actual instances connected with the production of complexes and fixations.

When an analysis of the cover-memories has been

carried to a sufficient point, the self-analyst will invariably find his associations leading down to memories where a *parent-influence lurks*. If it is the case of a father-complex, the roots of the cover-memories will always be found trailing down to sets of infantile experiences where the *father-image* is continually *breaking cover*, i.e., *becoming exposed*. And if the case is one of mother- or nurse-fixation, it will be the *mother-image*, or *nurse-image*, that is being continually unveiled.

In following the *outcrops* of a fixation or complex down to specific memories of the parental or guardian image, the self-analyst will be able to read a new meaning into the story of the infantile experiences which become thereby revealed. He will be able to see the true significance of the memories that his free associations bring him up against. He will be able to see, in fact, actual memories of experiences which were instrumental in effecting serious basic changes (structural transformations) in the general character of his personality.

When the self-analyst commences to uncover parent-influences in the analysis he will be able to apply the necessary corrective measures from two angles of attack. In the first place, by reason of having surveyed and correctly appraised his general conscious attitudes he will be able to apprehend their symptomatic significances; he will be able to trace the father-mother-influences in his conscious deportment. Consequently, there are direct intellectual calculations brought into action in the adjusting efforts. On the other hand, as the free associations along the roots of the cover-memories bring the inquirer up against specific parent-memories, the underlying causes of his unnatural conscious

deportment are uncovered and *brought* under intellectual control.

As the buried father-mother-memories are released the personality commences to achieve *real individual freedom*. The dire effects of former unnatural restraints and undesirable influences become cancelled, and the personality begins to experience a more untrammelled scope of action. *The dead hands of the past are gradually released.*

Look upon every form of infantile memories as outcroppings of experiences in which the vital interests of the ego have figured; for their roots trail away down to the very innermost core of the individual's psychic life. And when these roots are traced to their sources, the foundations of the basic characteristics of the personality thereby become exposed.

CHAPTER XXIV

A TREATY OF PEACE

THE first psycho-analyst lived a long, long time ago; somewhere about twenty-two hundred years or so. Just who this old-time mental specialist was, where he lived, and how long he practised, is not on record. For that matter, I should never have known of his existence if I had not happened to run across one of his mental prescriptions in some very old records. There is considerable divergence of opinion as to the age of these records, and the particulars of exact authorship are lost in antiquity. It is fairly well authenticated, however, that this psychologist lived in the century 300-200 B.C.

Here is the mental prescription that I happened to discover in those old files :

“ He that covereth his transgressions shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.”

The binding case where I found this old mental prescription is entitled *Proverbs*; the sub-file index is numbered 28:13.

There is a long stretch of time between the days of that old-time psychologist and those of Freud; yet it seems, after all, that both these analytic practitioners subscribed to the same school of thought. A few word-symbols differ, but the spirit is the same.

In present-day psycho-analytic language we read this ancient mental prescription thus :

“ He who represses his mental transgressions shall have unconscious conflicts ; but he who analyses and forsakes them shall have peace.”

It is thus seen that the psycho-analytic method is not a modern fad, but is based upon one of the oldest psychological truths on record.

Repression without sublimation means unconscious conflicts ; bringing these repressed thoughts back to consciousness and thereby dispersing them accomplishes peace.

Hitherto, well-intentioned but misguided people have preached a doctrine of repression, but the analytic method is based upon the principle of *dispersion*.

To repress is to cover over, to deny the existence of something. Dispersion means an opening up of unhealed mental wounds, and healing them by draining off the morbid agents.

The old method inflicted on society a multitude of neurotics, and filled asylums to the brim ; the analytic method enables the impaired personality to become adjusted to its responsibilities by a removal of the hitherto existing predisposing causes of the mental discords.

The old cry was *forget, forget* ; the new one is *analyse, analyse*. The former means a running away from difficulties ; the latter implies facing conditions and remedying them.

The old idea was that, if an undesirable thought was disowned by the consciousness and banished to the unconscious, the outward personality became shielded from its influence ; the new concept is that the repres-

sing of unsublimated thoughts means the development of submerged mental wounds.

The old concept assumed that the personality was of a dual character : an outer and an inner self. The psycho-analytic contention is that *all mental activity is one integral interlocking mechanism.*

The basic principle of the analytic method is that every form of conscious conduct is motivated by unconscious causes ; that no mental trait or tendency can be successfully hidden ; that every buried inclination becomes expressed in some feature of conscious behaviour.

As every buried inclination becomes expressed in some aspect of conscious behaviour, and as repressed inclinations are more or less inimical to the best interests of the individual, a state of unconscious warfare is continually raging. One force tries to secure a fullness of external expression, while another is striving to keep the repressions active ; the outcome, consequently, is a compromise. The undesirable and repressed tendencies fail to attain direct expression, but succeed in reaching compensating outlets.

The thousand and one forms of strange, bizarre, and temperamental actions observable in daily life are phenomena of this compromise between the repressing efforts of the conscious thought-streams and the repressed unconscious tendencies.

At every stage and turn in life's road the personality that is rent with these unconscious conflicts is faced with the great truth that was set forth in the mental prescription of that old-time psychologist : " He that covereth his transgressions shall not prosper."

I happened to be in London when the last campaign

of the feminist movement (which finally culminated in equal suffrage) began to get under way.

The labour movement was also about that time approaching a climax in some of its political objectives.

In course of time equal suffrage became a reality, and many forms of democratic enactments such as old age pensions, liability and unemployment insurance, broadening of free and compulsory education, etc., became statutory.

I have recently had an opportunity of noting the characteristics of certain people whose advanced views and actions in England are of a rabidly revolutionary character; and here and there I discerned some old familiar names: names that carried my memory back to the earlier years of the suffragette movement.

Some of the people who fought in that righteous cause of equal suffrage (but who gained in that struggle some rather undesirable notoriety by their methods of belligerency), have now, I note, turned their energies and their *unconscious passions* to something else.

Judging by the attitude of these *mental transgressors*, England is not any better for having provided pensions for old men and women; is not better for the State having assumed some extremely heavy responsibilities in relation to unemployment during times of industrial depression; is not better for having increased labour's share in the profits of commerce and industry to very substantial proportions; is no better place in which to bring up children, even though Factory Acts and educational requirements have imposed some very enviable safeguards for their well-being.

On the contrary, judging by the rabid utterances in which some of these individuals now indulge, Eng-

land is a worse country than ever in which to live and with which to be associated; and their fury against anything and everything pertaining to social government seems to become intensified with every measure of progress that is made. According to their opinions, as exemplified in their wild speeches, the cancerous Communism of Soviet Russia is a far more enlightened social condition than that which exists in present-time England.

Such characters as these do not fight for democracy, nor for any other form of material benefit. Without realizing it *they are at war with their own selves*. As far as their temperamental attitudes are concerned, it would not make any difference on what basis the social conditions of England or any other country were constructed, or what concessions were made to their demands. With such people life must consist of one persistent manifestation of belligerency.

It is not the governmental trends of society that such people fight, nor anything in relation thereto. Their fights are purely their own individual internal disharmonies fought out in effigy against the outside world. Their war against the governing mechanism of society is, in reality, *their own extroversive struggle to escape from an internal psychical bondage*: a struggle which constitutes a life's effort to break away from the dead hand of an unnatural juvenile influence. They make war against the trammels and restrictions of social requirements in an attempt to obtain a compensating outlet for the turbulent emotions of their own psychical constitutions.

Under such conditions neither logical argument nor material concessions will serve to placate the mental

attitude of such individuals; the motivating influences of their actions are not stimulated by external conditions, but by internal mental factors which involve the basic characteristics of their own personalities.

Every form of conscious conduct is motivated by unconscious processes; and where the conduct is exaggerated it indicates an effort (by means of some unusual outward action) to find a compensating outlet for pent up undesirable emotions resulting from internal disharmonies. *The ego is for ever endeavouring to balance its tendencies and expressions.*

Such forms of exaggerated conduct are seen in excessive gesticulations, over-accentuated attitudes, undue sensitiveness to criticism, an intolerance of the opinions of others, a flinging of self with undue fervour into some of the numerous crusades for saving humanity from something or other from which it does not want to be saved, general nervousness of movement, and similar temperamental weaknesses.

In the well-known "touchy" type of individual we see the outward personality being continually "prodded" by its own internal emotions. The ego is everlastingly applying to itself, in a personal manner, some passing influence or experience that should have at the most only a general or casual interest for it. Such people are consequently for ever seeing hidden motives and special meanings in the actions of others, and taking as personal affronts intimations and inferences that have in reality no special significance for them.

Then there is the person with strong likes and dislikes, prejudices and "convictions." Here we have an individual who has, in his unconscious, built up a

series of veritable ramparts of a defence mechanism in front of inner weaknesses; and before any new stimulations from external experiences can be accepted by such a person they are compelled to pass certain rigid standards of examination.

The tests in such examinations have no relationship whatever with the value of the matter involved, but are wholly concerned with the adaptability of such mental material to the requirements of the inner sensitiveness. If any such mental material (new ideas, opinions, theories, or discoveries) is of such a nature that it will serve to irritate old unconscious wounds, it will be rejected, irrespective of its real character or value.

Where prejudices (unconscious antipathies) are concerned, there is no standard of intellectual value to which to appeal. In such instances, where evidence of some nature or other is open for consideration, there will be only one qualification as to its acceptability, viz., *will it irritate the unconscious sore spots of the ego?* And so, unknown to consciousness, "beliefs" and "unbeliefs" are oftentimes merely unconscious determinations.

The following can be accepted as a fundamental postulate in relation to the psychology of human conduct: *Every form of exaggerated conscious behaviour is a compensating action for some submerged undesirable tendency.*

It will now be recognized that the so-called "dominating" personality (the individual with strong likes and dislikes, "deep convictions," and well-marked temperamental trends) is in reality only a mental infant; for his emotional metabolism is so badly

adjusted that he can assimilate only predigested psychical nourishment.

"Outraged dignity" is, in reality, an outbreak of infantile indignity; so-called "righteous wrath" is the external evidence of an internal unrighteous fear; while the would-be lofty attitude of the snob is the sign-manual of unconscious inferiority.

By the nature of our reactions to environment we betray the innermost secrets of our psychical complexion; by means of our daily mental attitudes we reveal to the world the skeleton of our souls.

Oftentimes where no outward explosive reaction (extroversion) to an environmental stress is pronouncedly in evidence, the emotional tension *explodes inwardly* (introversion), and with even more disastrous results than if the opposite were the case. In the one instance the individual, by exploding outwardly, saves himself to some extent at the expense and inconvenience of others; whereas when the emotional pressure is exerted inwardly the very foundations of his personality are shaken.

Moods, whims, fears, depressions, anxieties, impulses, compulsions, and similar mental attitudes, are all index features to the trend of the submerged complexes, conflicts, and turmoils that result from an unnatural unconscious mental life.

The first principle in life should consist in the individual knowing his real self; hence the greatest available strength must be derived from an apprehension of inherent weaknesses. By the term "weaknesses," however, I do not mean the effects or symptoms of such failings, but the underlying unconscious motivating factors.

The personality must become consciously aware of the nature and extent of its internal weaknesses before it can remedy them by adjustments. The individual must first of all realize that weaknesses exist; then he must ascertain what they are, and then apply the remedy. This remedy consists in bringing up into the consciousness the unconscious mental and emotional trends that have been so adversely influencing the personality, and thereby bringing them under conscious recognition and control.

The greatest interest-object that a personality can have is that of freeing the unconscious of its repressions, stilling the conflicts that are tearing it to pieces, and making the energy that is being wasted in useless mental turmoils available for application to the responsibilities of life.

But before the personality can apply the fullness of its energy in following the *call* of its life's great interest-object, there is another call that must first be attended to—the *call for peace on the part of the great unconscious mind*.

The personality cannot hope to adjust itself adequately to the requirements of these two divergent calls. Either it must forgo the quest of the interest-object, and submit to the influence of the inner conflicts, or it must adjust those conflicts and thereby accord the interest-object its full share of energy. As long as the personality is split in its energy consumption it cannot hope to attain its life's great interest-object.

“He who represses his mental transgressions shall have unconscious conflicts; but he who analyses and forsakes them shall have peace.”

In order to be able to make the necessary adjustments with the strenuous demands of social requirements the personality must first of all enter into *a treaty of peace with its great unconscious self.*

Sometimes these little mental gardening efforts of mine are indulged in before breakfast; sometimes shortly before going to bed. Sometimes I devote a rather sustained exercise in this respect, while at other times I indulge in the briefest of "weed-pulling" exercises. I have no set rule in this respect; except to the extent that when I have weeds to pull *I pull them*, and each day try to do something in my psychological garden.

Most people who keep gardens do so for pleasure; few would look upon their gardening as *work*, and those who did would consider it *pleasurable work*. With such people gardening is an *interest-object*; and the *urge* thereto is the *love of gardening*.

In taking up psychological "gardening" no one will get very far unless he has *an urge in that direction*. If he has to work "by the clock," he will not accomplish much in his psychological development. The only promising rule to apply in psychological gardening is to make the work part of his daily life.

The psychical gardener must become so saturated with the analytic aims that it becomes natural for him to apply the principles at any time, and in relation to every varying incident. He must acquire *the analytic habit*.

Instead of this being a "grind" I find these analytic efforts a pleasure. I don't do this psychological gardening because I *have to do so*, but because I *want to do so*.

The reader will remember the cover-memory of an incident which I identified as having occurred to me when I was five years of age. Well, the camouflage of one of the most significant of the elements in that

memory "fell apart" one night when I was mechanically untying my shoes preparatory to going to bed.

I sat down and commenced to untie my shoe-strings; and as that was something which did not require much intellectual guidance, I "picked up" a certain element in the cover-memory in question and permitted my associations to flow. Almost instantly there flashed up into my consciousness a specific memory in relation to an article of furniture in my parents' cottage which I had not mentally "looked at" for nearly *forty-five years*.

Heavens! When one can have experiences such as that no fixed working-schedule is required; it is more interesting than any cinema show.

In self-psycho-analysis one sees the most interesting and significant of dramas screened: *the drama of the swirls and trends of the unconscious emotions*.

It may be asked how long one has to persist in these analytic efforts before any pronounced results are to be hoped for; and how long they have to be kept up.

As regards quickness in results it will depend wholly on *what has been accomplished*. In order to produce results something has to be analytically attained; some element of a dream, an emotional experience, or a cover-memory must be made to yield up its secret to the consciousness. And although the benefit to the personality from an analysing of some dream or memory element cannot be very pronounced, yet it certainly means that *something has been accomplished*—even if it is not at once consciously apparent.

Whenever an element in a dream or cover-memory has yielded to analysis, a definite step towards adjusting some sub-conscious disharmony has taken place.

Every such single experience will mean something, even if it is some time before the *cumulative results* are recognizable.

As there are no two people alike, no two people will fall into the same groove in applying the analytic method. Each and every one will gradually gravitate into his own particular psychological gardening habit in an involuntary manner—just as would be the case in any other form of gardening. And although I have found that I can oftentimes do some of my best mental “gardening” when I am walking, that doesn’t imply that anyone else will have a similar tendency. I have known some people to get their best results when they were lying down in a quiet place with the eyes closed; whereas whenever I happen to try that method I generally succeed in starting to snore after about five minutes or so. In fact, in my case, an indulging in flows of free associations under such recumbent conditions always tends to make me sleepy. (Sufferers from insomnia may note this to their benefit.)

When you have started analysing your dreams, your exaggerated daily reactions, your “original” stories, your cover-memories, your complexes and fixations, etc., you will have planted some extremely valuable psychological “seedlings”; and when you plant any sort of seedling you do not pull it up by the roots every day before breakfast just to see how fast it is growing. So when you have “planted” these psychological “seedlings” you must act in a similarly sensible way. Don’t expect to undo the results of twenty, thirty, forty, or even fifty or sixty years of undesirable influences in an equal number of minutes. If anyone is looking for any such royal road as that to psychical

freedom, then he had better devote his efforts to some original research work on his own account; for up to the present time no such route has been discovered.

Incidentally it may be said that no such route will ever be found; for it cannot exist. The human race has been able to evolve only by the one royal route of *struggle and effort*.

In taking up psycho-analysis it must be remembered that the peaceful life and the complacent life are two altogether different things. They don't belong to the same family of mental attitudes. Very often real peace can be attained only at the cost of considerable pain; whereas complacency is often itself a disease. Some of the worst physiological ailments are insidious in their painlessness. The same principles apply to psychical ailments with even greater realism.

Sorrowfully enough those who stand in the greatest need of psycho-analysis are those who are the least capable of apprehending their weaknesses.

The greatest scope for psycho-analysis, and the place where the most beneficial results are to be expected, is not in the ranks of the psychotics, the extreme neurotics, or in the general run of psychical unbalances, for most of such people have paid the price and must abide by the results. The greatest opportunities lie in relation to the so-called normal person: the person who has evolved sufficiently to realize the significance of his own shortcomings.

From these developments still greater results will eventually materialize: for when fathers and mothers have attained their own psychical maturity they thereby become qualified to assume their rightful obligations of parenthood to the child.

CHAPTER XXVI

BUILDING A NEW MIND TO ORDER

MENTAL gardening efforts should be spread over the following six broad departments of phenomena: (a) Dreams, (b) Complexes and Fixations, (c) Cover-memories, (d) Exaggerated Reaction, (e) Mental Treatment, and (f) False Troubles.

DREAMS

Dreams that are to be analysed should be written down immediately they occur. They should be scribbled hastily, so that all fleeting elements can be anchored to the consciousness.

Split the dream up into its elemental parts and endeavour to analyse it sometime during the day immediately following the night of the dream. By this immediate effort at analysis it is easier to identify the experience of the preceding day which stimulated the dream, and an identification of the stimulating agent will aid considerably in the analytic efforts.

Enter the scribbled dream-notes into a dream-book for permanent record. In making this transfer, copy the original record word for word; do not amplify or modify anything.

When convenient, make a new record of the dream, in which you may amplify, qualify, or otherwise modify as much as you feel disposed to; but make this

secondary record wholly from memory; do no copying whatever.

A subtle feature of unconscious resistance is a tendency to influence the consciousness towards modifying, amplifying, or otherwise changing the record of the dream. These are unconscious efforts to obscure (cover over) the memories of the dream; they indicate struggles on the part of the unconscious complexes to *dig in*, so to speak.

It will thus be seen that the unconscious resistance is strong, persistent, and resourceful; still, it is only an *instinct*; there is no sentient intelligence to be "out-witted." In a struggle between a scientifically applied technique and a blind instinct the latter can consequently be overcome.

Split up the secondary record of the dream, and then proceed to analyse the modified, amplified, or otherwise changed elements in the usual manner. Treat such elements in the secondary record just as if they were original and "un-touched-up."

Always remember that *there is no lock which the unconscious can devise as a protection for its secrets which the golden key of the free-association method will not unlock when it is resourcefully applied.*

With this principle well visualized it will be seen that the very material which the unconscious uses as a *covering agent* can itself be turned against the very power which creates it.

COMPLEXES AND FIXATIONS

Make two inventories of your mental and temperamental characteristics. In one of these write every phase of mental and temperamental characteristics in

your personality which is commendable. Don't imagine anything nor wish for anything. Simply write down a list of every form and tendency of mental attitude and temperamental disposition of a desirable nature which you know that you possess.

In the other inventory make a list of all your undesirable mental and temperamental qualities. Don't try to do any deliberate "moaning" or "groaning," however; but simply make a matter-of-fact record.

Take a third sheet of paper and divide it into two parallel columns, at the top of one column write the word "Father," and "Mother" on the top of the other.

Into these two columns arrange the contents of the two inventories which you have made of your personal characteristics. All qualities which you can identify in relation to your father's disposition enter in the father column, and those which you associate with your mother's disposition enter in the mother column.

Characteristics which cannot be definitely allocated may be temporarily ignored, for some may be found hard to define.

If you so desire you can make a third column in which you can enter elements which are of a composite character, *i.e.*, those which are partly suggestive of the father's disposition and partly of the mother's. Such classification can be carried out with great accuracy.

The object of this inventory, and of the resulting allocations, is to ascertain the general indications of the respective parental influences, and to enable you to form a fair idea as to the existence of any simple complex or simple fixation in your personal disposition.

You will now be able to determine whether you are of the extroversive or introversive type. When this is

done you should proceed to cultivate the trend in which you are weak, and thereby to neutralize the tendency in which you are too pronounced.

In every element of every dream, word-dream, and cover-memory, and in every instance of exaggerated mental and temperamental reaction in the daily life, there is a possibility of the free associations leading deep down into a *father-influence or a mother-influence or both*.

In carrying out the analysis, therefore, whenever a father-memory or mother-memory of any nature whatever comes into view, scrutinize it and mentally allocate its significance to your own individuality. The result of these mental allocations will be that you will in course of time have uncovered a multitude of *complex memories* and *fixation memories*: memories that have played extremely important influences in making you just what you are.

In uncovering such father- or mother-memories you will, of course, be able to read their import with a revised and more significant value than hitherto. You will be able to *read the message*.

In analysing dreams, cover-memories, or any other form of mental phenomena, carry the analysis on to deeper levels after the first immediate analytic object has been treated. In other words: in analysing a dream element look for something of immediate interest. Look for something that occurred yesterday, and for something in your personality that was immediately affected by that yesterday's occurrence.

After you have analysed this immediate set of objects, see if any of the associations go down to any complexes or fixations; for you must remember that everything

which you analyse in relation to your mental or temperamental attitudes is a *potential complex or fixation indicator*.

Start looking for the father- and mother-images in all the root associations of your actions and reactions.

COVER-MEMORIES

Write all these out in detail. Treat each one as if it were a psychical story—which it is. But do not elaborate. Split each such psychical story into its elemental parts, and use each element as a stimulus idea for developing flows of free associations.

Analyse precisely as you do with dreams.

Now make a composite structure of all the elements of the respective cover-memories, *i.e.*, group all the elements of all the cover-memories into one jumble. Shuffle the cards, so to speak.

Next go through this aggregation of elements from all the cover-memories and arrange them in systematic groups. If, for example, you have hair, stone, tree, black, machine, garden, and similar elements occurring more than once, arrange them into groups. You will probably find that certain symbols of ideas have a tendency to become repeated in these cover-memories. They will probably reflect some particular sets of unconscious ideas which have a tendency to become persistent; and, when the significance of such repeating or recurring thought-symbols are revealed, the auto-analyst will have broken into the buried mysteries of his unconscious mental life to a very considerable extent.

When convenient, take the composite aggregation of cover-memory elements and mentally view them with intensity for a time. Take the elements which are

repeaters and give them special attention. Then permit the mind to roam all over the "mixture." In doing this, try to visualize the memory of each individual element as strongly as possible, and thereby endeavour to re-create in the consciousness the various scenic influences in question.

Now try to make the mind a blank for a moment or so, and to cultivate as restful a mental attitude as possible. *Then write another word-dream.* Write fast and without intellectual deliberation.

This story need not be very long, though it ought to be not less than a hundred words; and if there is a tendency for the unconscious ideas to flow more profusely, let them do so.

Call this your *cover-memory word-dream*.

Go to work and analyse this cover-memory word-dream in the usual way. Split it up into its elemental parts just as you have done with the dreams. In analysing these cover-memory word-dreams always be on the look-out for the significance of any juvenile memory, especially in relation to any father- or mother-images.

EXAGGERATED REACTIONS

Analyse all of your exaggerated reactions and disturbances. The best time to do this is as soon as possible after the occurrence; in practice, however, a mental inventory taken at the close of the day, accompanied by self-analysis, will be found more convenient.

When some extreme reaction or disturbance has been experienced, make a full record of it. Write it out in detail and enter it in the record book. You can consider this record as *the scenario of an unconscious psychical drama*. When convenient, analyse t'

emotional contents of this psychical drama, which will be a somewhat different procedure from that of analysing a dream.

In the present case we do not wish to analyse the scenes which have surrounded the exaggerated reactions and emotional disturbances, but the *aspects of the emotions that have been brought into such violent activity*.

After you have written out your *psychical scenario*, disintegrate the various emotional characteristics which have figured therein. Make an inventory of the nature of the mental attitudes and emotional sensations which were experienced in the "drama" in question.

At first glance the emotional element that is most dominantly prominent will look like *anger*; though as a matter of fact that anger is not an element at all, but something that has been made up of other emotional factors. So, when you disintegrate the various emotional elements from the "mix-up," you will probably find that they are merely infantile expressions hinging on infantile attitudes.

The child starts off on its journey towards an elevated status of cultural responsibility from a base point of very primitive characteristics. He is selfish, petulant, impatient, wilful, and in various other ways he betrays his animal lineage. When, therefore, you manage to disintegrate the elements of your emotional storm which you thought was *anger*, you will find that they consist of *unsublimated infantile characteristics*.

The infantile influence is always to be found nestling behind such outbreaks.

The very act of exposing these anchorages to primitive characteristics, and of identifying the real factors involved in such exaggerated reactions and disturb-

ances, constitutes a great stride towards remedying them.

In analysing all such outbreaks : *hunt for the infant.*

MENTAL TREATMENT

No purgatives are natural in their operation ; nevertheless a recourse to their aid is occasionally necessary.

Sometime or other go to some place where you can have real solitude. Then submit yourself to *the mental purgation* treatment set forth in Chapter XII.

Purge your mind ; and without mercy. You will feel the better for it.

In relation to the *word-dream* part of this treatment it will sometimes be found beneficial to apply the free-association method quite quickly after the purging treatment has been undergone. By doing this the associations go straight into the midst of the emotional disturbance which has become generated. In other cases more fruitful results may often be obtained after there has been a subsidence of the emotional commotion produced by the purgative treatment. The individual must gradually develop the series of specific measures which seem best to fit his own temperamental requirements.

FALSE TROUBLES

In closing I would like to draw the reader's attention to a concept of *trouble* which may be somewhat disturbing at first glance, but which is nevertheless founded on sound psychological conclusions.

The greatest trouble with the person who is always in trouble is *selfishness*. The person who is persistently bowed down with grief is one who is wholly occupied with thoughts of self.

